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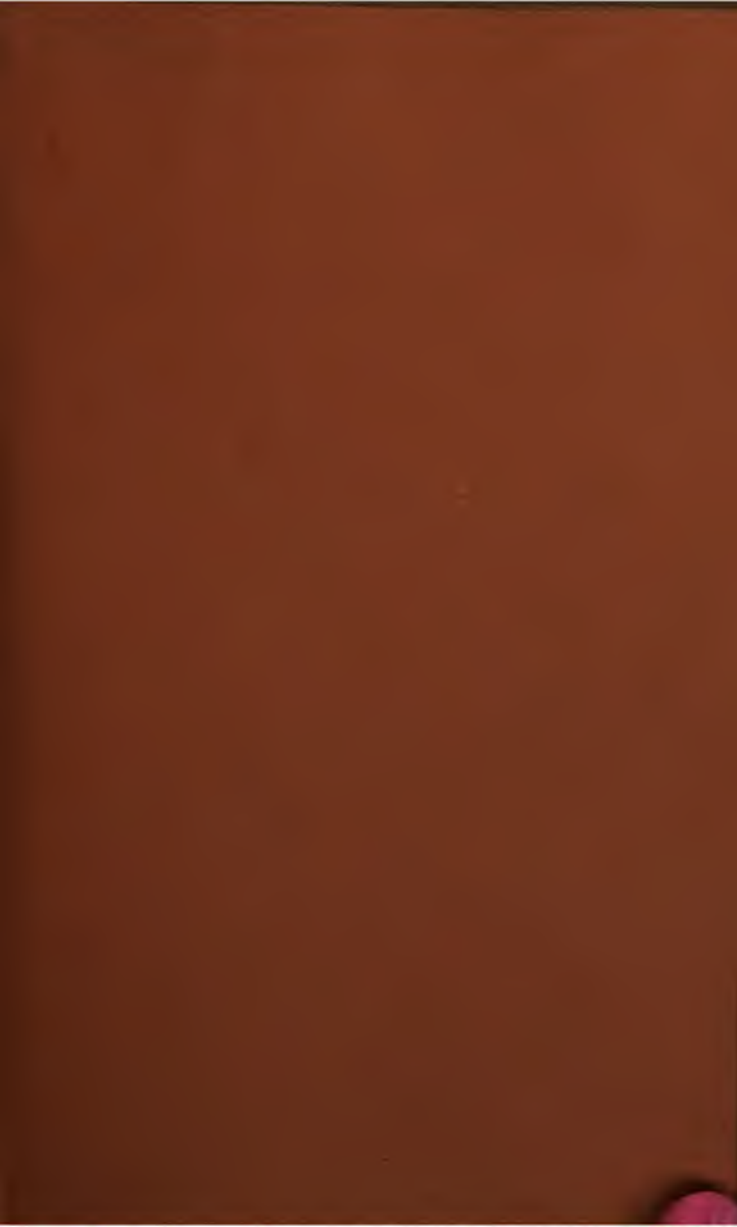
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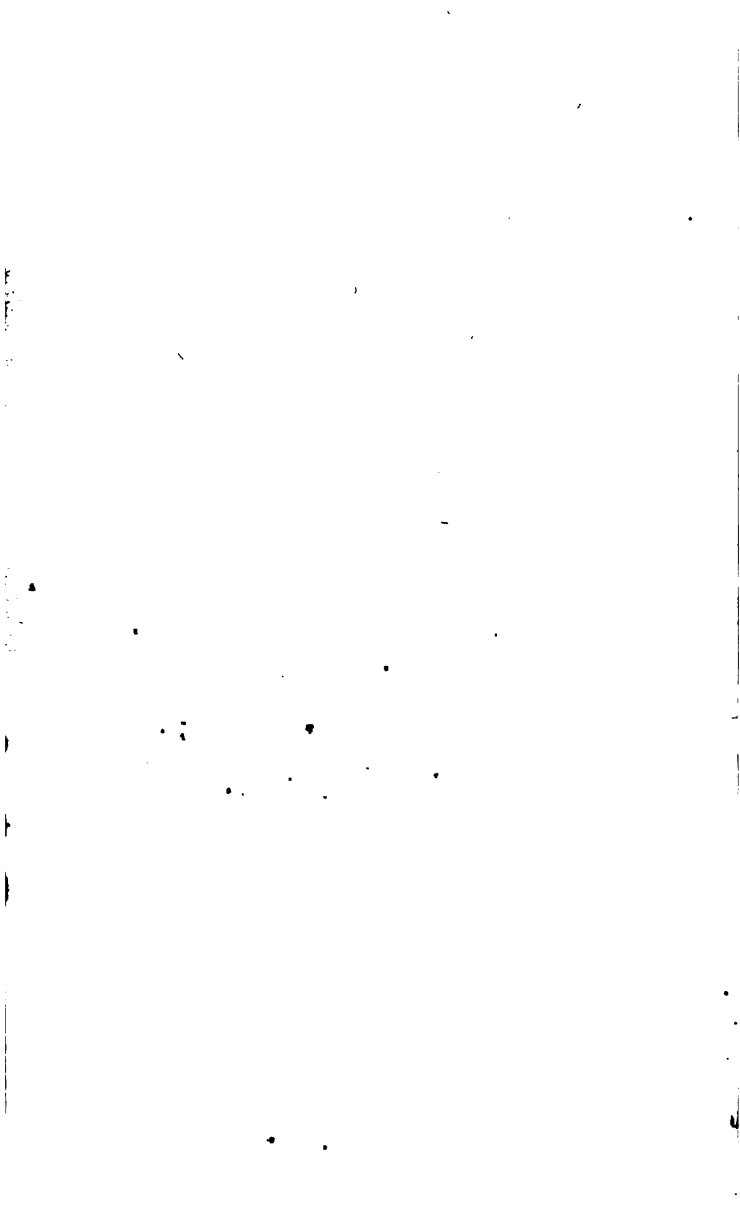
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With the Respects of
ANECDOTAL *The Author*
REMINISCENCES

**OF DISTINGUISHED
LITERARY AND POLITICAL
CHARACTERS.**

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "MARGARET CORYTON," "PARGA," &c.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed.

COWPER.

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TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY,
NICHOLAS,
Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias,
&c. &c. &c.

Sire,

WHEN I presume to inscribe this Volume to your Imperial Majesty, it is with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure.

The kindness of your Majesty, and your illustrious Brother, the Grand Duke Michael, to a branch of my family, demands my gratitude, and I take this opportunity of acknowledging to the world the sincere feelings of respect and esteem with which your Majesty has inspired me.

Permit me, Sire, to wish you a long and happy reign, and that the throne of the Czars may be filled by your descendants for ages.

I have the honour to be,

SIRE,

With profound respect,

Your Majesty's most obedient humble Servant,

LEIGH CLIFFE.

London, Feb. 1830.



P R E F A C E.

THE writer who ventures to *illustrate* characters by relating Anecdotes, undertakes not only a very difficult, but a very dangerous task; for though he may by good fortune entertain the many, he is certain to offend the few. Even an indistinct sketch of some person, already well-known to the world, may be offensive to the delicate sensibility of a Reviewer, who, in revenge, will rack the Author on the wheel of criticism. Even success has its evils, for the fatal ink of publication is scarcely dried on the page, before anxiety mingles with an Author's hopes, and he feels that even reputation is the herald of danger.

However simple and unpretending a

Work may be, it is certain to meet with advocates and enemies; public friends and private foes; for many an ambiguous compliment is, in truth, little better than a severe animadversion. Authors have, generally, their vanities about them, and, although they ought to come into the field armed at all points, and ready to dare the lance of criticism, there are very few who do not tremble at the Critic's pen.

After all, an Author is but a man, and has his virtues and his failings in common with his fellow men; Why then, may he not relate the foibles, as well as the good qualities of his contemporaries? Man is but man, and cannot be expected to be, like the hero of a romance, complete perfection.

“ The peculiar conformation of the bill, and tongue, and claws of the Woodpecker,” says Paley, “ determines that bird to search for his food amongst the insects lodged behind the bark, or in the wood of decayed trees; but what would

this profit him if there were no trees, nor decayed trees, no insects lodged under their bark, or their trunks?" and, pursuing the simile, if there were no weaknesses nor no virtues in men, where could an Author find anecdotes?

Anecdotes may not improperly be termed "the microcosm of man:" they are an analysis of character, and the basis on which the Biographer must build the foundation of his volumes. In recording the "sayings and doings" of great men we find even in their foibles—the weak parts of their nature—something to mark the general bias of their minds.

The remark of a great character, that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," is not more trite than true; and, perhaps, it may not be injudiciously applied in this instance. To describe man as he is, imperfect, and at times inconsistent, is the province of the recorder of anecdotes, therefore he cannot be expected to please all his readers. But the world in general,

like to behold their fellows divested of their holiday suits, just as a lovely woman delights in hearing the charms of a rival belle depreciated. The Critics are frequently tremblingly alive to the injury that may be done to their party, by the publication of any anecdote reflecting, or appearing to reflect, on the character of a public man, who happens to enjoy their patronage and favor. I am far from wishing to embitter the pleasures of their Tempè, and though Peneus is now little better than a streamlet, I trust these anecdotes will not prevent them from laving their sinewy limbs in the almost imperceptible spring, if they can fancy it to be a river.

Among the many objections to anecdotes, one is, that they serve to propagate scandal. Whether to admit or deny the allegation I know not, for it bears some comparison with the story, told of an Italian nobleman, through whose agency a butcher was convicted of perjury, for swearing to the delivery of a certain

quantity of meat, without deducting the weight of the bones *. Now, as it is impossible to give anecdotes, without a little sprinkling of scandal, I stand somewhat in a similar predicament to the tradesman of Vicenza, but the bones must be taken with the meat.

* Walmarana, a nobleman of Vienza, was, from his immense wealth, also raised to the dignity of a Venetian Patrician, but, being rather of a litigious disposition, he scarcely ever paid his bills for the most trifling necessities without disputing their correctness. Among others of his trades-people, was a butcher of Vicenza, whose bill he only discharged once in the year: during that period his cook was commanded to save all the bones which had been cut from the meat used by the family, and when the butcher swore in court to the weight of the meat, with which he had supplied the patrician, the latter produced the bones, with the idea of having the butcher found guilty of perjury, and he actually succeeded. The weight of the bones was deducted, and the poor fellow received a lesson, which it is probable he never forgot; namely, that it would be necessary to find animals without bones, if Walmarana should again become one of his customers.

Allowing for a moment, that the publication of anecdotes is disseminating scandal, it certainly is a pleasing method of amusing one's friends, for almost every person has a spice of curiosity to learn the particulars of his neighbour's thoughts and actions. But I cannot admit that anecdotes are to be classed under this head—they are the records of virtues, as well as foibles, and without there is a little acid in the mixture, the sweetness of flattery would quickly cloy the appetite. The *bon gusto* of the gourmand induces him to mingle sauces to excite him to eat, and unless there is something piquant in a volume of anecdotes, there would be little to tempt the curiosity of the reader, who loves to retail the gleanings of an author's portfolio.

To certain persons the publication of anecdotes appears like the taint of disaffection, and a violation of external policy. But their arguments on this head are purely theoretical—their maxims belong to the balancing system—but in their practice

they differ widely from their precepts. If we cast a glance over periodical publications, whether they be daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, some delicate morceau of anecdote will be sure to meet the eye, and if there are any apparent irregularities in the combination of anecdote and criticism, we are in courtesy bound to believe, that they follow the planetary code, which compels the newly discovered orbs to obey the same law that keeps the others in their orbits, and maintains the order of a vast and complicated system.

It is impossible for a sober-minded observer not to perceive, when he mixes in society, that men differ from themselves, at different times. This may at first sight appear to be a paradox, but it will, on examination, be found to be correct. This dismemberment of ones-self, if the expression be allowable, cannot be concealed from any person of moderate intellect. No man is at all times alike;—if his spirits are

elated or depressed he varies in the same ratio as a barometer does with the weather. If this be a common-place remark, it is, nevertheless, a true one; and, perhaps, every reader has felt its truth.

Amidst the revelling of boisterous hospitality, the disposition unbends, because the spirits are in a state of excitation, and man is a noisy, uncurbed, unrestrained animal. In refined and elegant society, he is the quiet, pleasant, gentlemanly being. On the race-course he is technical, and the peer is scarcely to be distinguished from his plebeian groom. At White's or Crockford's he gives full scope to his anxieties and passions, and it is in these different grades of society that man must be studied to be known.

The pale lily, when twined in a bouquet with the more presuming rose, attracts by its delicacy and its simplicity; and if anecdotes have not a little blush of the rose, to contrast with the paleness of the

lily, the point of attraction, which is formed by combination and contrast, would be lost.

What would Denon's wounded Frenchman be without the aid of the dying Mameluke? * The contrast alone gives life to the scene. Obliterate the name and deeds of Brutus from Roman History, and *his* Cæsar would appear a mere every-day sort of personage: perhaps not a whit superior to the common race of men. The philosopher of Königsberg says, that the mind has three faculties; I am, confessedly, not a philosopher, but I think there are three seasons in which the disposition of man may be studied advantageously:—in the mixed circle of society, in public life,

* “ One of our wounded men lying on the ground, was seizing an expiring Mameluke, and strangling him: an officer said to him, “ How can you, in your condition, do such an act?” “ You speak much at your ease,” the man replied, “ you who are unhurt; but I, who have not long to live, must have some enjoyment while I may.”

Denon's Travels in Egypt. Vol. I.

and in friendly conversation, and in each of these, he will generally be found to vary. If a man were to study to appear always the same, he would perplex and mislead himself, and be engaged in endless controversy with himself. It requires not a telescope to discover that mankind have their weak sides, and all the magic lanterns, and appendages of a whole optical museum would be employed in vain, to prove that human nature is faultless.

In the "solitude of self," we cannot be ignorant, the versatility of our dispositions. We want not the distempered sensibility of Rousseau in the closet, however its prettiness may add to our reputation in society—nor his paradoxical morality—his "airy nothings" of voluptuous virtue, and unattainable perfection, when we are in our sober senses. Those who deem such peculiarities merits, are, in fact, nothing better than conspirators against common sense.

This little Volume, as unpretending in its

contents, as undignified in its appearance, may, perhaps, have the honour to attract the attention of the world. That it is *original*, and that the anecdotes have been obtained from authorities of the highest respectability, no person, I believe, will presume to dispute.

The Autographs, which are prefixed to this Volume, will, at least, be a voucher for the Reminiscent's correspondence with many of the persons of whom anecdotes are related, and those who have been in habits of intimacy with the parties, will be able to judge from the correctness of some, of the veracity of the others.

ANECDOTAL REMINISCENCES, like Dr. Parr's wig, which "trespassed a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the interior parts, and scorned even Episcopal limits behind, where it swelled out into boundless convexity of friz," may be allowed to deviate a little from established rules. As long as the *coup d'œil* is

pleasing, we seldom feel much inclination to examine beyond it; and if the Reminiscent should sometimes please, his end will be fully answered.

ANECDOTAL REMINISCENCES.

"If ever I write again, my next Book shall be as different from the present, as the present from the last; and when in either Work the Reader finds a fault glare a little too strongly in his eyes, let him charitably believe, at least, that it will serve the Author as a beacon, should he ever attempt another voyage."

Introduction to "THE DISOWNED."

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ANECDOTAL REMINISCENCES.

**DR. MOORE,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.**

It would be an amusing, and, perhaps, not an unprofitable enquiry, to trace the origin of many great men's fortunes. Archbishop MOORE owed his rise in life to two accidental circumstances. The Duke of Marlborough required a tutor for his sons, and wrote to Dr. Sutton, the then Principal of Christ Church College, Oxford, to appoint a proper person. The Doctor selected a young man, and the Duke appointed a time for an interview with him at the College. Either in consequence of mistaking the hour, or from a care-

lessness of disposition, he did not keep the appointment, and both Dr. Sutton and the Duke grew angry. At this critical juncture Mr. Moore passed by the house, and caught the eye of Dr. Sutton, who informed his Grace that, perhaps, it was as well the gentleman, for whom they had so long waited in vain, had disappointed them. as he might prove as negligent with respect to his duties. as he had been in attending to his appointment, and he then strongly recommended Mr. Moore to the Duke. His Grace made no objection to this new arrangement. Mr. Moore was sent for, and introduced; and, before the day closed, every necessary preliminary was arranged.

Mr. Moore was not only a man of very great classical attainments, but also a most estimable character. He was likewise eminently handsome; and to his person, rather than to his talents, he was indebted for his seat on the Archbishop's throne. He had been some few years the family tutor, when his personal attractions placed him in an awkward, if not a dangerous situation. One of the daughters of his patron became enamoured of him, and

hinted so broadly her wishes that he could not affect to misunderstand her. In a short time, as the tutor did not profit by a hint, the lady spoke plainly. Mr. Moore could not return her love, and, to avoid being pressed too closely, mentioned it, in confidence, to the Duke. His Grace was grateful, and assured Mr. Moore that he would never lose sight of him, until he had made his fortune. Nor did he, for as a reward for the tutor's declining a noble alliance, he never rested until he saw him installed in the See of Canterbury. The Archbishop acknowledged to a late Right Reverend Prelate, from whom I obtained this anecdote, that had he admired the lady, he very probably might have acted differently.

GENERAL RAINSFORD.

GENERAL RAINSFORD, who was a great favorite of the late King, was one of the wisest men in existence. A general order was at one time issued, that all officers should give in an account of their age, and the length of their services. The General, who was

anxious to appear a young man, and an old officer, made a little mistake in his returns, for he actually dated his military services some years before the time of his birth. Some person who knew the vanity of his character, once played him a trick which raised a laugh against him for a length of time, and deprived him of a considerable sum of money. A packet was sent to him, purporting to come from some German Baron, offering the services of a certain number of his vassals, for a stated sum, and enclosing what was said to be correct likenesses of the would-be-soldiers. On paper they certainly appeared to be fine men, and the General had no doubt they would prove brave warriors. He called all his officers together—informed them of the offer he had received, and, much against their will, induced them to contribute towards the sum required to place them in the ranks of his regiment. The money was sent—the General talked much of his expected recruits, but as they only existed on paper, nothing more was heard either of them or the money.

All the officers of his regiment were in town.

previous to a levee day, and the General could not do otherwise than invite them *en masse* to dine with him. He had an object in view, and after dinner he mentioned it—this was to present them all in a body at Court. Had it not been for one little offence given by the lady of the General, his point would have been carried. Mrs. R. was a strict economist, and before the gentlemen had half enjoyed themselves over their wine, she sent in the coffee, and, with it, a hint which could not be mistaken, viz.—the hats of the guests on another waiter; which gave them so much umbrage that they even declined taking coffee, and disappointed the General of exhibiting them in the courtly circle.

DR. FISHER, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

BISHOP FISHER, who was preceptor to the late amiable Princess Charlotte, was applied to by Lady De Clifford to speak to her Royal Highness on the impropriety of giving way to passion. He did so, and moreover composed a short prayer, which he humbly advised her Royal Highness to repeat, whenever she

found any difficulty in managing her temper. The Princess heard him with great patience, and promised to follow his advice. In a short time Lady De Clifford made a second complaint to the prelate; who, as before, lectured his illustrious pupil, and regretted that his prayer had proved ineffective. "Indeed, my Lord, you are mistaken," replied the Princess, "had I not bethought myself of your prayer, I should, instead of scolding, have boxed her Ladyship's ears." The Bishop was silenced, and henceforth never presumed to interfere with those little petulances, which are natural to all young persons of every rank in life.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

Her Majesty was always extremely kind and considerate towards her own sex. The Duchess of Ancaster was one evening in attendance on her Majesty at the Theatre, and, being enceinte, appeared fatigued with standing so long behind the chair of the Queen, who, observing her change countenance, kindly desired her to waive etiquette, and take a

seat; the Duchess excused herself, and would not acknowledge that she felt any inconvenience in performing her duty. The Queen, at length, perceived that the Duchess was really not able to support the fatigue, and, rising, she said, "if your Grace will not sit down, I must leave the house; I am but a woman, and standing so long would overcome me." The Duchess could no longer dispute the will of her royal mistress, and the audience had an opportunity of witnessing the singular circumstance of a lady-in-waiting seated, in public, by the side of her sovereign.

The condescension of the Queen was strikingly exemplified when Dr. Carr, the present Bishop of Chichester, was first introduced to her. It was some years before he obtained his present dignity; and he expressed to her Majesty, his high sense of the distinction with which she had honored him. "The obligation is on my side," replied the Queen; "I consider it an honor to be known to such a man as Doctor Carr."

THE QUEEN OF WURTEMBERG

When Princess Royal of England, her Royal Highness was accustomed to keep her attendants standing for some hours, reading aloud for her entertainment; this came to the knowledge of Queen Charlotte, who remonstrated with her, in vain, on the folly of insisting on the observance of so much etiquette in private. Willing to eradicate the germs of inordinate pride from the heart of her daughter, her Majesty, being somewhat indisposed, sent for the Princess to read to her. When the book was presented, her Royal Highness was about to take her seat, as usual, but the Queen desired her to read standing. The Princess remonstrated, but the Queen was peremptory, and her Royal Highness at length became so fatigued, that she was unable to continue her readings: "Now," said the Queen, "you have experienced the same fatigue in obliging me, as your ladies daily do in obeying your commands; do not forget the lesson I have given you."

MARSHAL MARMONT.

MARSHAL MARMONT, who was no advocate for the science of phrenology, once took it into his head, to call in disguise on Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. The two professors did not know his person, and examined the protuberances of his pericranium with all due gravity, and then gave it as their fiat, that he was deficient in the organ of courage ; advising him, at the same time, not to choose a military life. The Marshal, still preserving his incognito, remarked. that he had never been accused of a want of courage, but bowed to their judgment. On taking leave, Marmont remarked that, perhaps, they might wish to know on whose head they had pronounced an opinion ; the Doctors smiled assent ; and the Marshal, with a low bow, announced his name and title, leaving the two phrenological professors bursting with mortification at the mistake they had committed, for the valour of Marmont had never been doubted.

This anecdote reminds me of the story which has been told of the head-master of a cate-

brated seminary in the vicinity of London. The father of one of his pupils was attacked with the phrenological mania, and the master was requested to examine the head of the boy, which he did very scientifically, and found a protuberance, from which he prognosticated very great success, in some particular pursuit, to his pupil. The fond father was in extacies, and the master might have come off with eclat, had not the boy, who, perhaps, owed him a grudge for some unforgiven severity, reminded him, that the very bump he had been so learnedly expatiating upon, was nothing more than a swelling, caused by a blow which he had given him with a ruler, on the preceding day.

THE MARQUIS OF ABERCORN.

When the Marquis of Abercorn preferred his charges for mal-administration of justice against Judge Fox, though there was little doubt of the culpability of the accused, which the accuser supported by proof, there was great consternation among the legal characters in the House of Lords, respecting the result

of trying the Judge criminally ; and all agreed that it would be setting a bad example to place a person in his exalted station of life in the situation of a plebeian offender. The speech of the Marquis, when he brought the charges before the house, was allowed to be one of uncommon power—the Bishops acknowledged that it was exceedingly eloquent, and Lord Eldon complimented his brother peer ; but as the conduct of a Judge was the subject of enquiry, *propriety* was recommended, and the result was as might have been expected. After the decision, Lord Eldon advised the Marquis to bring it forward during the *next* session, and regretted that he had chosen an improper season for so important an accusation ; but the Marquis was not one to be led or driven : “ I have done my duty, my Lord,” he replied, “ and I shall interfere no further. Your Lordship, and the Bishops, have complimented me on my eloquence ; it appears to have had but one effect, for you and they bowed, smiled, and walked to the other side of the house.”

LADY MORGAN,
AND LADY HAMILTON.

LADY MORGAN, in the "Book of the Boudoir," has been somewhat more severe than just on Emma, Lady HAMILTON, though her account of the egotism of Lord Nelson, certainly, is not at all exaggerated. Out of his profession, the hero was a mere every-day sort of personage, and this imbecility of mind, perhaps, caused him to delight in those fooleries at which the world laughed. But this cannot be said of Lady Hamilton, who was really a sensible and elegant, as well as a most lovely woman.

The remark of the cicerone at Romney who had painted Lady Hamilton in every variety of attitude and costume, to Mr. Murphy the engraver, who observed, in reply to the eulogies of the Artist's factotum, "that it was a pity her Ladyship did not add virtue to her attractions and accomplishments," is a proof that her manners were not of that grade in which Lady Morgan has illiberally placed them. "If you had seen her, Sir,

and heard her speak," said the cicerone, "you would have forgotten her faults."

Lady Hamilton was the very reverse of vulgar: she was vain—so is Lady Morgan: she was clever—so is Lady Morgan. Here the two ladies were on a point of equality. Lady Hamilton was lovely as an angel, with a figure as near perfection as it is possible to be conceived: Lady Morgan had not been so greatly favored by nature, but Lady Hamilton used to tell a story of her sitting perched up on the pillows of the blue satin sofas at the Priory, the seat of the late Marquis of Abercorn, who liked odd people, and complaining that Sir Thomas Lawrence had not done justice to her figure! When Lady Campbell was invited to the Priory, she declared that her curiosity extended no further than to see Lady Hamilton and Miss Owenson, the former she was delighted with, but the latter talked too much of herself. Perhaps Lady Hamilton, who was an excellent posture-mistress, and, with the aid of a shawl, used to personate the deities of the Heathen mythology, attracted more attention than Lady Morgan, who is acknowledged

to be a tolerable *raconteur*, and thus unintentionally raised the bile which the *bleu* has taken this opportunity of discharging.

How Lady Morgan got into the select circle at the Priory, I do not exactly know, but I believe it was through the introduction of Mrs. Hawkins, and, as political discussions were never tolerated there, her democratic opinions were prevented from clashing with the aristocratical principles of her noble host.

There is something like ingratitude in the attack of her ladyship on a lady whose faults were too public, but who was not devoid of sentiment, tenderness and generosity. The influence of the Marquis of Abercorn raised Miss Owenston to the dignity of *my lady*, and surely for this, his family deserved some gratitude and consideration.

In speaking of Lady Hamilton, Lady Morgan describes her as being gifted with a "Poll of Plymouth voice." This is a mistake. Lady Hamilton's voice was truly musical: she was a pupil of Mara, and not only a pleasing, but a scientific singer. To

humour the folly of Lord Nelson, she certainly did chant those poetical abortions, to which the excitation of the times allowed a temporary popularity, but, in other society, a more charming or elegant woman than Lady Hamilton could not be met with. She had her virtues also, and they ought not to be passed over in silence.

When Sir William Hamilton was recalled from Naples, he resided at the mansion of his relative, Mr. Beckford, in Grosvenor Square. He was not rich, and his accounts with the Government were not settled, nor likely to be for a long time. Sir William, however, had accepted a bill for fifteen hundred pounds, and trusted to the receipt of the debt due to him from Government to provide for it. The bill was within a few days of becoming due, and there was not the slightest probability of his being able to provide for it from that quarter. Mr. Beckford, who was at that time engaged in building Fonthill, had no money to lend, and Sir William was exceedingly uneasy at the prospect of the bill being protested. Mr. Williams, who was the active agent of Mr. Beckford, was con-

the day previous to the bill being payable, requested by Lady Hamilton to favor her with a few minutes conversation. Lady Hamilton was in tears, and with a tenderness and feeling for which, perhaps, Lady Morgan would not have given her credit, she explained the circumstances in which Sir William was placed, and asked Mr. Williams to advise her how to act. The expenditure of Mr. Beckford was at that time so great that it was impossible for him to advance even a few hundred pounds to assist his relative; and Lady Hamilton, placing her hand upon the shoulder of Mr. Williams, said, "then I will tell you what can be done; my jewels are valuable: (her *parure* was indeed splendid) I cannot bear to see Sir William so unhappy, and, at his time of life, I am sure any unpleasant proceedings would be the death of him, will you do me the favor to take them to your bankers, and get the money advanced on their security." Just at this time a negotiation was on foot for Lady Hamilton's being received at court, and it was probable that she would require her jewels. Mr. Williams was not

a man to behold a woman like Lady Hamilton in an agony of grief, and he refused to take her jewels, though he begged her to make herself perfectly easy, as he would devise some means or other to raise the money by the time it should be required: and, I believe, it was advanced the same day, on personal security, by Williams and Drury the bankers.

This anecdote may serve to contradict the report of there being any tenderer sentiment than friendship between her and Lord Nelson:—had there been is it not likely she would have applied to him in a case of such emergency? The fact is, I believe, that their *liasons* were purely platonic—mere vanity on both sides, both liked to be the talk of the world, and both were gratified at exciting public attention.

The received opinion that Lady Hamilton was the cause of Lord Nelson separating from his wife, is also incorrect. The quarrel was caused by another, and a very different occurrence. Lady Nelson had a son in the Navy whom she wished to get promoted. Lord

Nelson refused to be a party to the proceeding, as he considered him not qualified to command; and, irritated at the refusal, her Ladyship waited on Lord Spencer to solicit his interest. With the imprudence of a hasty woman, she divulged a secret which might have proved prejudicial to the Hero of the Nile; and this, Lord Spencer, then a Lord of the Admiralty, who was a friend of Nelson, repeated to him at the next interview. From this time Lord and Lady Nelson never met.

As Lady Hamilton's history has been given in many garbled forms to the public, perhaps it may not be uninteresting to read her *own* account, which has been corroborated by the late Marquis of Abercorn. Her mother was a cook in a respectable family, whom, when Lady Hamilton, she frequently visited. In servitude herself, she attracted the notice of Colonel Greville, a nephew of Sir W. Hamilton's, while she was employed in scrubbing down the stairs. Struck by her beauty he made her offers which she accepted, and for some years resided entirely with him, as did also her mother, for she protested she

could not reconcile herself to living in splendor while her mother was in servitude. Greville, in consequence of his imprudence, became involved to a great amount, and Sir W. H. kindly came forward and arranged his affairs. Greville was to go out of the country, but before his departure he informed his uncle that one affair still pressed heavily upon his mind, and that was the situation of Mrs. Hart. Sir William desired him not to make himself uneasy respecting her, as he would take care that she should be provided for. Greville urged him to see her, and told him he would find her lovely, and as amiable as she was beautiful. With the kindest intentions Sir W. promised to obey the last injunctions of his nephew, and shortly after the departure of Greville, he wrote a note to Mrs. Hart, requesting her to call on him in Grosvenor Square. She obeyed the summons, and Sir William, who was then preparing for his departure on an embassy to Naples, was so struck with her beauty, that he immediately made her an offer of marriage, and was accepted. From this time Mrs. Hart resided

in Grosvenor Square, and to prevent the conversation of the world, Sir William quitted it for the house of a friend, until he was married to the lovely parvenue by special licence; the Marquis of Abercorn officiating as father, and giving away the bride to his uncle. At Naples, her beauty and her talents rendered her conspicuous, and she certainly was of more service in an *extra* diplomatic capacity, than half the *charge d'affaires*, by whom the British nation is represented at Foreign Courts. From the openness of her nature she met with many false friends, and ungrateful protégés, till at last she might have adopted, with justice, the opinion of Madame Recamier.*

There was a witchery about Lady Hamilton even after she had reached the autumn of life, which few women possess. Mr. Coutts said, that he had seen all the most celebrated

* Madame Recamier, who was as much distinguished for her kindness as for her beauty, met with great ingratitude from those whom she had patronized and protected. Indignant at their baseness, she took a deaf and dumb child under her protection; "this unfortunate object," said she, "will surely, be an exception to those whom I have cherished but to sting me; if not, I abjure the world!"

beauties during the last sixty years, but had never met with her equal, either in personal charms or fascination of manners. She was also a pleasant hoaxer, and the compliment she paid Charles Bell, the printer of "The Times," who had vanity sufficient to serve half a dozen of his sex, will shew that she knew how to manage even a newspaper manager.

She accidentally met with Mr. Bell at a party, and when she was informed of his connexion with the Times, she thought him worth powder and shot, and invited him to meet a party at her residence on a certain day. Ever open to flattery, and delighted with the attention paid him by Lady Hamilton, Mr. Bell was punctual to his time, and found a large party of titled and fashionable persons assembled. Lady Hamilton received him with marked attention; and, when a couple of roasted ducks smoked upon the table, she addressed herself particularly to the *little* manufacturer of the *large* London paper, and assured him, that the ducks before him had been sent to her from Muscovy, (whether by the Czar, or a Cossack chieftain, I forget)

and she had ordered them to be killed, to evince her pleasure at his visit. Mr. Bell was ever open to any thing in this style, and believed every word that her ladyship gave utterance to, though common sense would have told him, they came direct from a metropolitan poulterer's: he repeated the flattering compliment in every circle of society, to which he could gain admission, till the story of the ducks became a bye-word among his friends.

Mr. Bell was of a petite figure; and, sometimes, played sad tricks with the English language in his speech. He had a great dislike to be thought a little man; and, as he was one day walking down Fleet-street, he was hailed by the elder Astley, who was "a ton of man" in his own person, with the detested epithet of "little Bell!" repeated half a dozen times in a minute. Astley was on horse-back, and had been in search of Mr. Bell, to procure the insertion of some critique or advertisement; Mr. Bell was not deaf, but when the fatal appellation reached his ears, he redoubled his speed to escape from the uncourteous proprietor of the Amphitheatre. It was

in vain; the equestrian gained ground rapidly, and every passenger on the pavé arrested their steps at the repeated exclamations of "little Bell!" Then followed a scene between Astley and Bell, which it would be impossible to do justice to in description, and the latter complained loudly of the indignity of the diminutive being thus, on all occasions, applied to his name, by his herculean friend: "Why," replied Astley, "I have as much reason to complain as you, for they call me the *great Ass*, and I will call you the *little Bell*!"

Lady Hamilton, though elevated to a rank in society, which her birth never gave her the slightest pretensions to aspire to, never gave herself any unnecessary airs; she was always very conciliating and unaffected in her manners; and, though closely connected with the aristocracy, she did not pretend to admire them more than plebeians; nor did she, like the little dame of Kildare Street, imbibe the effluvia of dignity from the perfumed pocket-handkerchiefs of princesses. Everybody knew that her origin was plebeian—every body

knew that she had not been a miracle of virtue—yet every body visited her. Sir William doated on her very looks, and if she had not possessed greater qualifications than mere beauty, she could not have gained the love and respect of all who knew her.

An instance of the uncommon fascination of her manners, occurred during a visit she paid to the Boltons, the near relatives of Lord Nelson, and the probable claimants of the title. Mrs. Bolton invited all the family to meet Lady Hamilton; and, among the rest, Mrs. K—g, of Ipswich, who was the sister of Mr. Bolton. Mr. K—g refused to allow either his wife or daughters to visit where Lady Hamilton was, but at the entreaties of Mrs. K—g, he assisted at the dinner party himself. On his return, his wife, of course, was anxious to learn his opinion of her ladyship; and, to her surprise, he told her, that he admired her beyond the power of description, and had invited her to spend a week with them.

Had Lady Hamilton answered the description given of her by Lady Morgan, she would

not have been a person likely to be received by the Duchess of Devonshire, and the other leaders of the ton, who had the power to appreciate grace and talent.

ROYAL ECONOMY.

The English economists, who are very fond of writing about that which they do not understand, have somehow or other omitted to give two instances of economy, which are well known to Parisian tourists. Le Bon Roi, Charles, keeps no wine in his cellars, but a certain quantity is brought in a van to the Tuilleries, every day from the wine merchants, and the unopened bottles are returned on the following day, so that his Majesty pays only for that which is drank : and the Duke D'Orleans till very lately had no cook in his establishment, for a restaurateur in the Palais Royale had the honor of supplying his table. What will our economists say to this ?

This *legitimate* economy reminds me of an anecdote which Lady S—— related to me, of Joseph Buonaparte, who in 1803-4 was one of the Ambassadors who were assembled to

manufacture the treaty of Amiens. The representatives of the different courts contracted with the manager of the theatre for their boxes, and the performances of some of the principals of the *Corps Dramatique* from Paris: each ambassador, at the same time, subscribing to defray the expences. After a certain number of nights, the most distinguished performers were to be allowed a benefit, to which all the diplomatists, except the French Ambassador, liberally contributed. One of the actresses, who was under the necessity of returning to fulfil her engagements at Paris, waited on Joseph for the price of his box, more than a week after her benefit had taken place. His Excellency was not disposed to pay, and though informed that Lord Whitworth, and all the other diplomatists had treated her with the greatest liberality, he said, "That their Excellencies were at liberty to do as they pleased, but as he had agreed to pay the manager a stipulated sum for the use of a box, during his residence in Amiens, he should undoubtedly pay no more!"

PROFESSOR WHITE, OF OXFORD.

Professor White was a very singular as well as a very learned man; whenever he walked out with his wife, he always marched on pompously in front, leaving her to follow at the distance of several yards behind him; a point of scholastic etiquette which the good lady never ventured to violate. The Professor was somewhat of a gourmand, and on one occasion had desired an immensely large turkey-pie to be made expressly for his own consumption. His domestics consisted only of two female servants, whose names were Jane and Sarah, and having as great a taste for turkey-pie as the Professor himself, with the assistance of a few of their friends they contrived to finish it on the second day, without the aid of their master. Mrs. White dreaded, yet was compelled, to inform her husband of this disaster, as she expected it would give rise to a violent storm of passionate vituperation, but contrary to his usual custom, the Professor received it very calmly, simply remarking

that "the times were changed indeed, as it was proved that the *Janey-Saries* had turned *Turkey pirates*."

MR. ROSCOE,

AND RICHARDS ROBERTS JONES.

RICHARDS ROBERTS JONES, better known at Liverpool by the soubriquet of the "walking library," had the singular faculty of understanding and speaking many of the living and dead languages, without possessing the power of writing any of them. Indeed he appears to be a kind of *lusus naturæ*—talented yet imbecile—as if the strength of his intellect was overpowered by some natural deficiency. Mr. Roscoe, whose estimable qualities are only equalled by the splendour of his talents, has been for years the patron and supporter of this poor man, and written a memoir of his life, which he published for the benefit of his protégée. Scarcely appearing to possess the faculties of human nature, this poor fellow "redolent of dirt," wanders about the streets of Liverpool, with a book in his hand, seeming literally to devour its

contents, and scarcely deigning to reply to any question put to him except in monosyllables. Indeed he appears to be incapable of holding a lengthened conversation, and such was the opinion of Dr. Parr, who visited Liverpool on purpose to have an interview with this singular classic. For Mr. Roscoe, however, Jones had always the most profound respect, and would willingly do any thing he desired. Willing to relieve his humble friend of some of the accumulated dirt of years, Mr. Roscoe, on one occasion, gave him a note to carry to some public institution, which simply contained an order to *wash the bearer*. Jones, who conceived he was to take back an answer to his patron, readily accepted the invitation to enter, and in a few minutes, despite of his desperate resistance, he was plunged by a posse of sturdy fellows who relished the joke, into a bath, and well rubbed down. As soon as the operation was over, Jones hastily dressed himself, and ran back to Mr. Roscoe, who with difficulty prevented himself from laughing at the indignation of Jones, who never suspected his

patron to have been the cause of his immersion. The kindness of Mr. Roscoe however soon soothed his passion, and the doucement of a crown erased the occurrence from his memory. In the days of his prosperity Mr. Roscoe was accustomed to allow this person an annuity of twenty pounds, and to his immortal honor, be it told, after the cruel reverse of fortune he experienced, he never withdrew his weekly bounty from his eccentric protegee.

GENERAL MAC CORMICK.

General Mac Cormick, who was one of the representatives for the immaculate borough of Truro, for which place he was returned by the Falmouth interest, had a desire to obtain a Colonial Government, and with great difficulty, through the mediation of the Marquis of Abercorn he obtained an interview with Mr. Pitt, the then Premier. To those who are not initiated in the secrets of cabinets, and the etiquette of ministries, it may appear strange that a member of the house of representatives should find any difficulty in obtaining an audi-

once of a minister, when he could demand one of his sovereign: but there are two degrees of representatives: those for the County, during the premiership of Pitt, were admitted to his presence, while those for the Borough got no farther than the office of George Rosa, unless on some special occasion when it might be necessary to secure their services. This Downing Street aristocracy, was, however, open to the influence of the power behind the throne, and a letter from the Marquis of Abercorn introduced the General to the Premier.* The General was a courtier to the bone, but his politeness was sometimes productive of evil consequences, and proved to be so in this instance. He had previously memorialized

* The "power behind the throne," seems to be but imperfectly understood. It consists of the land proprietors, and many noble families, who appear very little before the public, though, in private, they direct and even control the ministry. That they have a thorough contempt for the people no one can doubt; and they know they promote their own interests better by private than public interference, or they would not employ others to take the active part, while they remain apparently passive. The late Lord Erskine used to term this party, the "Hedge Sparrows," and pronounced them to be the most dangerous to the liberty of the subject, and the welfare of the nation, of any combination he knew of.

the minister, and after the time for the interview had been appointed, had prepared his compliments with all due care. Before he arrived at Downing Street, his preliminary speech was properly arranged and digested under its separate heads, and, being punctual to his time, he was immediately ushered into the presence of the minister.

Mr. Pitt bowed—took out his watch and placed it on the table before him, and while the General was pouring forth a torrent of senatorial compliment, he quietly remarked that he could afford him only ten minutes audience. More than half the time had already elapsed; the General was thrown out of his regular course, and began to consider what he really *ought* to state to the Premier. Before his recollection served him, the ten minutes had expired and Mr. Pitt, immediately made his bow. The General had done nothing, and to obtain a second interview was next to impossible. However he returned home, and not to evince a want of politeness, wrote a long letter to the Premier, in which he thanked him for *the very patient hearing he had*

afforded him. The object of the General was to get appointed to the Government of Cape Breton, for which he was to vacate his seat in favor of a nominee of the ministers, and as seats were somewhat scarce at that period, he gained his object. The Duke of Clarence paid a visit to Cape Breton during the governorship of the General; and Captain, afterwards Admiral Buller, who was there with his frigate at the same time, had the misfortune to incur the *silent* displeasure of his Royal Highness. The boats crew of the Captain were better rowers than those of the Duke, and though they started at the same time from the Royal ship, the Captain was landed some minutes earlier than his illustrious friend. The Duke made no observation, but General Mac Cormick, who could read courtly glances, was exceedingly shocked at this deviation from established etiquette, and remonstrated with Captain Buller on his want of respect. "Such nonsense," replied Captain Buller, "may be very pleasant to you, my dear General, but if mine are more able seamen than those of the Duke; I am

not courtier enough to sacrifice their reputation to any such trickery."

The Duke of Kent was governor of Halifax at the same time that Cape Breton was under the administration of the General. On his recall he did not fail to pay his respects at Court, and her Majesty asked him several questions respecting the Duke of Kent. The General was exceedingly gratified, and assured her Majesty that his Royal Highness was every thing she could wish. "Then he is strangely altered, General," replied the Queen, "since I last heard of him, and I am very glad to hear it."

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

THE late Duke of Portland, when in office, was applied to by a clergyman for a Deanery, with the intimation that a certain sum was in the hands of his banker, and at the disposal of his Grace. The Duke, justly indignant, sent the letter to the Bishop of London with a short comment, and that Prelate very properly soon silenced the simoniacal applicant for Church dignities. When we recollect that

the Duke was not a rich man at the time, and considerably involved; too much praise cannot be bestowed on his upright and conscientious conduct.

PETER PINDAR,
AND MADAME MARA.

Dr. WALCOT and MADAME MARA, were on terms of the greatest intimacy. He wrote the song of "Hépe told a flattering tale," expressly for her and she sung it for the first time at one of her own benefits. The next day she sold the manuscript. Peter had already done the same, and the two music publishers, after a long dispute which neither had the power to settle, agreed to wait on Mara and solicit her interference. She consented, and as she was going in search of Dr. Walcot he happened to cross her path in the Haymarket: he had already heard of the circumstance, and like the *prima donna*, was not disposed to renege the money he had received. "What is to be done" said Mara, "can't you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?" "Cannot you say the same of yourself,"

replied the Satirist, "one story would be believed as soon as the other."

MISS BENDER.

MISS BENDER when she resided in Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, was remarkable for the dirtiness of her windows, and also for the confusion of her apartments, for she resolutely opposed the application of a duster to the tables, or a broom to the cobwebs, lest in the use of these necessary articles, her manuscripts might be disturbed.

Her talents drew a considerable circle of friends around her; and several carriages might be seen, drawn up in a line before her door, almost every day. Tall in her person, and somewhat thin; rather particular in her style of dress, and dignified in her deportment, some of her opposite neighbours did her the honor to believe her a proficient in astrology; and literally made a party of six to consult her respecting the mysteries of their own destiny! One morning they sallied over in a body; the door was opened by a lad, and, without further ceremony, they proceeded to the drawing

room. They knocked at the door of the apartment, perhaps with some little degree of consequence, and it was opened by Miss Benger herself. Seeing so large a party, all strangers, and being perfectly *en deshabille*, she was a little confused, but with courteous politeness, she invited them to enter. A scene now ensued which it is almost impossible to do justice to. The visitors were unwilling to declare the object of their intrusion, and Miss Benger doubtlessly was lost in astonishment. After a prolonged and somewhat tedious conversation, if it may be so termed, of questions replied to by monosyllables, Miss Benger ventured to enquire the cause of so singular a visit from so many ladies, whom she had not the pleasure to know personally. This, as may be supposed, was sounding the tocsin in their ears; they looked at each other, and blushed, and simpered, and turned pale, yet knew not how to reply. At length one of them in a half articulate voice, ventured to say, "I suppose you can guess Ma'am!" "Indeed I cannot," was the reply. "We wish to consult you, Ma'am." Here the speaker

paused so long that Miss Benger was compelled to enquire on what occasion her advice was desired, and express the pleasure she should feel in assisting them with it. "Why we wish, Madam,———" "What, ladies? pray be concise, for my time is indeed precious." "To have our fortunes told by you——" The tall form of Miss Benger was elevated beyond its usual height—her very spectacles trembled on her nose, and seizing the handle of the bell, she rang it so violently, that her servant, landlady, and in short, the whole domestic establishment hastened to her room, expecting to behold her on fire, or at least in hysterics. But by the time they reached the room, she had partially recovered her self-possession, and desiring the party without to conduct the intruders to the door, she shut herself in, and indulged in a hearty laugh at the whimsical mistake!

MADAME DE STAEL.

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN, was certainly the very model for literary ladies, who marry, to copy. On the evening of her

marriage she wished very much to enter into a philosophical dispute with the Baron, and on his declining it, (Heaven only knows what subject Madame had chosen,) she literally quarrelled with him, and refused to take a share of the bridal couch. In a day or two, however, she became more rational, and in due time *with*, or *without* the aid of philosophy, presented him with an heir.

DR. BRODIE.

When Dr. BRODIE was preparing his first introductory lecture his mind was so deeply devoted to the subject on which his future fame rested, that he shut himself entirely from society. With great difficulty he was persuaded to be present at a dinner party given by a nobleman, whose lady had also issued cards for a ball in the evening. During the dessert Mr. Brodie withdrew, with his *chapeau bras* under his arm: the knocker of the door was fashionably noisy, and company were arriving every minute. Mr. Brodie was on his return to the dining parlour, and politely bowed to the parties who passed him

on their way to the saloon. To his surprise the gentlemen all looked grave, while the ladies tittered and turned aside their heads. When he re-entered the apartment in which the gentlemen were still sitting over their wine, a loud and uncontrollable burst of laughter saluted his ears. He grew angry at being thus made the object of their mirth, and was totally at a loss to conjecture the cause, till his host exclaimed, "Why, Brodie what in the name of Heaven, have you got under your arm? Is that the general appendage to your dress in society?" The effect he had witnessed, and, on casting down his eyes, discovered the cause; instead of his chapeau—he had taken up the polished-cover of the *petite maison*, and his thoughts being in all probability devoted to his forthcoming lecture, he might have carried it about with him all the evening had his mistake not been pointed out by his friends.

DR. ARMSTRONG.

Dr. ARMSTRONG, when he first came to London, had a letter of introduction to a

Miss Carr, (the lady who has been described as Miss Chariot in "Six Weeks at Long's.")

Miss Carr was a regular *bleu*, and an amateur professor of pharmacy, politics, logic, literature, and every science, known and unknown; and the Doctor as cold and stiff as a mummy. She then lived in Somerset Street, and at a few paces distant, resided another lady bearing the same name, who professed to teach dancing to young ladies and gentlemen, and whose name on a large brass plate, invited the eye of the Doctor. Never dreaming that two stars were such near neighbours, Dr. A. knocked at the door, sent in his name, and was shewn into the drawing-room, where he found a lady practising the graces before a large cheval glass, and displaying her well turned ancles for the inspection of her visitor. This was so very different from the description he had heard of the literary lady, that the Doctor was lost in astonishment; and more so, when instead of conversing on science and literature, he found she could only talk of the last new waltz, and the most fashionable quadrille. The lady, on her part, was equally

astonished at the Doctor, whom she mistook for an awkward, grown up young gentleman, who wished to improve his gait by taking a few lessons in dancing. For some time the two uniques sat wondering at each other, till the lady became impatient, and apologizing for not being able to spend more time with her grave-looking guest, danced out of the room, before the Doctor could recover his presence of mind sufficiently to present his introductory letter.

He called on Lady Faulconberg, who was the friend of the real Miss Carr, without delay, and the first question of her ladyship was, "How do you like Miss Carr?" "Like *her* Madam," replied the Doctor, shuddering as though he had been compelled to swallow some of his own prescriptions. "I never was so disappointed with any person in my life; so vain, so empty—would your ladyship credit it—I found this fair learned Theban actually dancing before a looking-glass!" "Impossible, Doctor. Miss Carr dancing!" "It is fact, my lady." "I would as soon believe she had accepted an engagement to

perform for an itinerant showman at a fair. I am sure you have been dreaming; but step into the carriage with me, and we will drive to her house." The *bleu* was at home. Lady F. began to rally her on her new passion *pour la danse*, but was immediately interrupted by Doctor Armstrong, who exclaimed, "this is not Miss Carr, my lady!" Lady F. was surprised, and requested Miss Carr to explain the adventure of the morning. She directly saw how the mistake had originated; and the Doctor was shocked at his own stupidity, in not distinguishing a *coryphée* from a *savan*.

Miss CARR was an elegant well-bred woman, who was replete with anecdote, and visited by many of the first persons in the kingdom. When "Six Weeks at Long's," was first published, the Marquis of Hertford, then Lord Yarmouth, was exceedingly annoyed by the character which, report said, was drawn for him, and waited on Miss Carr, as a sister in adversity, to consult on the expediency of prosecuting the author. She had, however, too much good sense to encourage

his Lordship in his desires, and, eventually, persuaded him to let the affair die away without notice. Like most of the children of fancy she had her eccentricities, but they were so softened down by the elegance of her manners, that they were scarcely perceptible. In her political opinions she was completely radical, and as violent as the most decided democrat could have desired. On the occasion of some public procession, she was seated before a plainly-dressed, farmer-looking man, whom no person seemed to consider it necessary to treat with more than common civility. Alderman Wood chanced to pass by the window at which they were seated, and saluted the stranger in the most friendly manner. This aroused the curiosity of the company; and, although Miss Carr always designated the worthy Alderman as a blockhead, she was anxious to discover who his odd-looking friend really was. The enquiry was made; and Cobbett stood confessed. The political opinions of both parties assimilated, and the state of the nation was discussed vehemently on both sides.

MR. ABERNETHY.

Mr. ABERNETHY, celebrated alike for his surgical skill, and the uncouthness of his manners, was entertaining a large party of medical friends, when his wife, whom, by-the-bye, he is said never to have contradicted, unexpectedly, and contrary to her custom, made her appearance; and, addressing herself to the company, said, "Gentlemen, don't you think if Mr. A. was a little more courteous in his demeanour to his patients, it would be more conducive to his credit?" The guests knew not how to reply, nor which way to look. Abernethy smiled, and, rising from his chair, said, with great naivete, "I am sure you must perceive the ambition of my wife, and that, not content with her chariot and pair, she is desirous of driving about the country, in her carriage and four." This rejoinder was unanswerable.

Nothing irritated Abernethy more than being intruded on, after his regular hours for receiving patients. The Duke of W———

once thought proper to break through these rules; and, despite of the reiterated remonstrances of the porter, forced his way into the parlour, where Abernethy was crawling about on all-fours, with two or three children on his back. The Duke stood for some time close to the door, and repeatedly called to Mr. Abernethy, who took no notice of him. At length he turned round, and casting his eyes somewhat superciliously upon the Duke, he enquired what he wanted. "To consult you, Mr. Abernethy;" was the reply of his Grace: "How did you get in, my Lord Duke?" "By the usual entrance; at this door, Sir." "Then, as your Grace came in at that door," rejoined Abernethy, "you may retire through it;" and, without taking any further notice of the great Commander, he resumed his digestive employment of amusing himself with the children.

CURIOSITY.

During the short time Lord Erskine was Chancellor, he received the royal commands to be at Windsor at seven o'clock in the

morning. He was a few minutes past his time, and the King was walking on the terrace with the Queen and the Princesses. The interview was commanded on a delicate subject, and his Majesty wished it to be private. He immediately retired with Lord Erskine; and, with some difficulty, prevented the Queen, who would sometimes interfere with politics, from accompanying them. Previous to his departure from Windsor, his Lordship had an interview with the Queen, who enquired the nature of the long conference he had held with the King. "Please your Majesty," said Lord Erskine, "as a Privy Counsellor I am sworn to secrecy, and as my memory is, at times, very defective, I must beg leave to refer you to my Sovereign for an answer to your enquiry."

The hint was not thrown away, and his Lordship escaped the future questioning of his Royal mistress.

MR. COUTTS.

Mr. Coutts, at one time had the honor of being banker to Royalty, but in consequence of his supposed interference at the Westminster Election to secure the return of Sir Francis Burdett, the favor of the Court was withdrawn. The suspicion was unfounded, for Mr. Coutts never did interfere with it in any way, he had an utter aversion to public affairs. A friend called on him on the very day that he ceased to be the Royal banker, and in the course of conversation expressed his sorrow at the circumstance, which had been caused by some misrepresentation. "I am very glad of it," replied Mr. Coutts, "and if his Majesty would interdict his family from taking money from me, he would add to my obligation." He in this opinion bore some resemblance to the Baron de Fries the Court banker at Vienna, who was once asked by a Lady if he ever went to Court? "Very seldom, Madam," he replied, "not so frequently as the Court comes to me."

DR. TURTON.

The late Doctor Turton, who was at once an excellent physician, and an excellent gossip, was frequently sent for to attend illustrious patients, whose looks betrayed nothing like indisposition. The Princesses Elizabeth and Mary were very partial to him, and his appointment was no sinecure, for they contrived to engage him in conversation when they did not stand in need of his advice. No man was better acquainted with the small talk of the day than Dr. Turton, and the first question from his royal patronesses was generally "what news have you brought us to-day?" and he found it impossible to effect a retreat, until he had exhausted the contents of his budget. "I wish I could persuade your Royal Highnesses to try my prescriptions for once," remarked the Doctor, when his time was required for other patients who stood more in need of his assistance. "Why, Doctor?" "Because if I could devise any means of making you ill, I might, perhaps, find time to make others well."

LORD S ————— H AND DR. PEGGE.

"If you ask one where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of great ministers and favorites of princes, that are so finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaphs, funeral sermons, and inscriptions? I answer *there*, and no where else," says Mandevill;— If you wish to know what dependence is to be placed on the friendship and promises of men in power, take the following example as a specimen.

Dr. Pegge, was one of the early friends of Mr. A ————— n, and when the latter was brought into office by Mr. Pitt, he promised the Doctor that when a certain situation in the University of Oxford should become vacant, he would procure the reversion of it for him from Mr. Pitt. Before the incumbent died, however, Mr. A ————— n was minister himself, and as soon as Dr. Pegge received the intelligence he waited on his patron to claim the fulfilment of his promise. He was rather coldly received, but invited to stay and dine, and though the beginning was unpromising

the expectant trusted the chilliness would wear off when the wine elated the spirits and opened the heart. At the most favorable period Dr. Pegge mentioned that he had waited on Mr. A———n for the purpose of claiming the promise he had made him. The minister looked grave, and simply replied, that had Mr. Pitt been in power he would certainly have asked it of him, but as he was now in power himself, he was under the necessity of giving it to another person.

MR. R. P. JODDRELL,

RICHARD PAUL JODDRELL was in the latter years of his life a most eccentric character. When I was first introduced to him some ten years ago, in St. James's Park, I could almost have fancied I was standing beside one of the grandfathers of the last century but one, who had been carefully laid up in the strong room of some old manor house, and was now let loose again upon the world as a living specimen of what things were at that period. He was at that time somewhat more dressed than usual. His coat, and knee-breeches were of a faded

claret colored cloth, of the antique cut, with which time and the moths had been evidently making more free than welcome ; a crimson satin waistcoat, rather frayed about the pockets, and bearing many a dingy mark in its folds and creases : a hat which had been brushed till the last portion of the nap had disappeared, and which the combined effects of the sun, storm, and age, had changed from its original black to a rusty brown hue ; a pair of half-dirty unbleached cotton hose, with silver buckles in his shoes, and at his knees, and a gilt headed cane in his hand, completed the attire of this exquisite original of literature and learning, who was going to assist at Mr. Penn's Outinian lectures at Spring Gardens.

He was disputing with a centinel on duty at the Horse-Guards, as to the central position of that piece of ordnance, to which the soubriquet of the Regent's Bomb has been ludicrously given, and quoting Greek to the man, who probably might have mistaken *Beta* for a threatened beating, had not the slender frame and incipient dignity of the old

gentleman set aside his fears. Pompous in his speech, and dictatorial in his manner, though polite to a painful degree, he could be, when he pleased, a very pleasant companion for an hour or two. But he loved to talk himself, and *of himself*, as much as any gossip in Christendom.

I one day met him in Langham Place—it rained heavily, and neither of us were provided with umbrellas ; I would have shunned the meeting, but I could not without exposing myself to the charge of rudeness, for I dreaded his punctilious politeness. Off went the old gentleman's hat in an instant, regardless of the torrents of water which fell rapidly on his powdered pate, and of course I was compelled to use the same ceremony. He was just at that time stage-struck, and his tragedy of "The Persian Heroine," was about to be performed under his auspices, for the benefit of some person at one of the minor theatres, by amateur actors. He was desirous of telling me all the particulars, and I only wished that he had found a more convenient opportunity. I ventured to hint that he might take cold from

being thus exposed to the wet, but as he assured me he was very warmly wrapped up, I gave a glance at his extra clothing, and perceived that he was daintily habited in a blue surtout, decorated with large pearl buttons, and of the cut of the last century. The skirts had evidently undergone an annual docking, and now did not reach to the knee by several inches. In short it was a garment which I verily believe would have been rejected in Monmouth Street as unsaleable. After I had received a tolerable soaking, he made the notable discovery that it was not likely to clear up, made his bow, and left me at liberty, after he had exacted a promise that I would join a tea-party at his house on the following evening, when he promised me, in his turn, with native modesty, excessive gratification in hearing his beautiful tragedy beautifully read.

At the appointed time, a *fiacre* set me down in Portland Place. An aged domestic, whose livery appeared to be nearly coeval with himself, announced my name, and ushered me into the parlour, where sat the old gentleman

tete-a-tete with an actress, whose cheeks were so profusely tinged with earmine, that they seemed to claim affinity with the coral necklace, which was clasped round her scraggy and sallow neck, and gave her somewhat of a likeness to those rudely-finished dolls, with which very young ladies are allowed to amuse themselves in the nursery. The candles were not yet lighted, though it was quite dusk, and the thick crust of accumulated dust upon the windows allowed only a twilight shade, even at mid-day, in the apartment. The bell was rung for lights, and though six wax-candles were ranged on the mantle shelf, before they were half lighted up, the economy of Mr. Joddrell began to take the alarm—the taper was now applied to the fourth, the careful man could no longer be silent, and hinted to the servant, who paid no attention to his admonition, that so much light would be both offensive and injurious to the eyes: the fifth taper blazed—Mr. Joddrell was unable to keep his seat, and pushing the servant hastily away, blew out two of the candles, exclaiming “quite light enough,

Sir, now :—people are very foolish to ruin their eyes to profit the wax-chandler." Two or three amateur actors made their appearance shortly after the twinkling of the tapers made "darkness visible" in the large apartment in which he received his visitors. The tea equipage was placed on the table, and evinced the economy of the host, rather than the taste of a wealthy inhabitant of Portland Place. The tea-pot was silver—the creamer of very fine old china, the cups and saucers, which were of various patterns and sizes, were common blue earthenware, and the solitary plate, on which a sliced roll was displayed, was formed of the same cheap materials, and decorated with several chips and cracks. Mr. Joddrell now went to the drawer of the sideboard, from whence he returned with a old fashioned oaken tea-chest, manufactured probably in the early part of the last century, and taking a key from the pocket of his waistcoat, made visible the contents of this elegant appendage to the tea-equipage of a man of fashion. In one of the compartments was the tea, and in the other

the sugar, for he indulged not in the luxury of a bason, and when the repast was finished, he again locked the caddie, and carefully replaced it in the drawer from whence he had taken it. Two copies of the "Persian Heroine" were now placed on the table, one was given to Mr. A—, who prided himself not a little on his style of reading, the other Mr. Jodrell opened himself; and as if resolved to display his own skill in dramatic reading, as well as in dramatic composition, commenced the tragedy himself, suiting the action to the word, and starting at times from his chair with such Thespian furor, that a smile was visible on every countenance. After he had concluded the first two or three scenes, he paused, to favor his guests with comments on the text, and to point out the beauties of the composition. He was so strenuous in his exertions to make us believe that he was scarcely second to Shakespeare, and that if the actors would be guided entirely by his directions, the "Persian Heroine" would be the finest acting play that ever was, or ever would be written, that I could not resist the

impulse of remarking that if he were to take the character of Xerxes himself, he might perhaps render it effective.

I had struck on the right chord, and his exuberant vanity induced him to receive satire as compliment. He drew up his little spare figure into a theatrical attitude, and replied, "No person could perform it so well, Sir; I am Xerxes both in body and soul." This was too much to bear quietly, and the laugh became general, but the cause of it was too much absorbed in studying the *role* of Xerxes, to heed the mirth of his guests.

At the rehearsal of this delectable tragedy, which also took place at his own house, the farce was carried to a still greater extent, and a long consultation took place between the actors as to the dresses in which they were to appear at the Olympic Theatre on the night of its representation. The habit of Xerxes was one which Mr. J. was requested most particularly to describe; and, after some few minutes consideration, he desired the gentleman who was to take that character, to follow him, and he would provide him with a proper dress.

They proceeded to the dressing room, the valet was summoned, some old trunks which had not been opened for years, were unlocked, and from their varied contents the old gentleman selected a court dress which he had worn himself some fifty years before, and in which he requested Mr. A—— to attire himself. It was with some difficulty that Mr. A—— could refrain from laughter. "This dress will not do, Mr. Joddrell." "Why, Sir? it's a very handsome dress—a very fine dress—it was made at Paris, Sir." "But it will not do for a Persian character!" "It is a very proper dress, Sir,—try it on—I would play Xerxes in it myself." No more could be said. To avoid further importunities, Mr. A—— suffered himself to be dressed like an old beau of the last century. Mr. Joddrell was in extacies; rubbing his hands, and smiling complacently, he led the way to the parlour, and throwing open the door, said, "Xerxes, Gentlemen!" while every eye was directed towards the newly-dressed hero, who did not appear much to relish the exhibition. Loud peals of laughter greeted him on his entrance,

and Mr. Joddrell looked angry, though he was not at all disconcerted. There was great difficulty to persuade him, that, in the present day, costume was considered as essential to dramatic effect. It was not the fashion when he was young, and he detested every thing like innovation—but the dress was at length given up.

So wedded was Mr. Joddrell to the “Persian Heroine,” that this infirmity of a learned mind, made him the prey of many persons. For the sake of seeing his play performed he has frequently paid the expences attendant on a night’s performance at a theatre: and, on those occasions, he was generally to be seen in a box directly over the stage, with a large quarto volume open before him, in which he was reading every line of his own play, and never raising his eyes from the book, unless to give a glance of disapprobation at those who ventured to omit a sentence in the representation. When these representations have been in agitation, I have frequently met him with an actress clinging to each arm, and been pained to

see him made the ridicule of those who were seducing him into follies to further their own interests.

On one occasion, he drove to the lodgings of the lady, who, at that time, termed herself the celebrated Miss Macauley, but who now defies all the blandishments of Satan, and lately preached her new fangled doctrines from a pulpit in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, where, to use the emphatic words of Crabbe,

“ crabbed folks repair,
And saints blaspheme their Maker in a prayer”—

as early as seven o'clock in the morning, to take her to the theatre; to the great discomfiture of the lady, who, enveloped in her robe de chambre, was rehearsing for the evening's exhibition, and was not prepared to meet a gentleman.

Miss Macauley knew his weak side, but was, I believe, never any very great favorite of his, though she played him one trick which proved an exquisite elucidation of his vanity. An artist who knew the eccentricities of Mr.

Joddrell's character, was desirous of obtaining a portrait of him, but knew not how to accomplish his wish. He mentioned it to Miss Macauley, who at once volunteered her services to gain the consent of Mr. Joddrell. She gave the artist a letter of introduction, in which she stated that he was about to proceed to Persia, and was desirous to present the monarch with the portrait of the celebrated man who had immortalized an event in Persian history. This was too flattering to be refused: he sat to the artist, and firmly believed that the mimic semblance of himself would become the admiration of the Persian Court.

He was once walking with two ladies, who expressed a wish to see the Diorama, and politeness compelled Mr. Joddrell to proceed with them to the Regent's Park. "That is the Diorama, ladies," he said, pointing to the exterior of the tasteless building; "*we can walk round it.*" This was the manner in which Mr. Joddrell generally shewed the lions to country cousins; to have viewed the exhibition would have been expensive,

and any extravagance of that kind was contrary to his creed.

LORD EXMOUTH.

WHEN Lieutenant Pellew was first appointed Master and Commander, it was at the very first commencement of hostilities between this country and France, and he was so expeditious in fitting out his ship, that he had sailed from Plymouth, engaged and captured a French ship, and returned into port before any of the other vessels were ready for sea. This was the foundation of his fortune. The first engagement with an enemy's ship being attended with such success, Mr. Pellew became an object of considerable naval interest, and he immediately obtained a step in rank. Mr. Morris, his first Lieutenant,* described the engagement as being most sanguinary, and fought with equal bravery on both sides, though the loss of the enemy, whose ship was over-manned, was more than treble that of the British. When Lieutenant Morris boarded

* Afterwards Admiral Morris.

the prize, he said, the scene was most appalling. It was the first battle in which he had ever been engaged, and his heart sickened at the number of dead and dying with which the decks of the enemy were crowded. In the midst of this revolting group sat a Frenchman, as careless and unconcerned as though he had been at a *fete champetre*, playing a gay and lively air on his violin. Lieutenant Morris, whose feelings were harrowed up to the highest pitch, could not endure this heartlessness, and seizing the violin with one hand, and the performer with the other, he dashed the latter with all his strength among his dying comrades, and threw the instrument into the sea. He said, he could have found it in his heart to have thrown the Frenchman after it, but he felt that death had already been too busy.

In consequence of the exertions and success of Captain Pellew; his Majesty sent to him previous to a levee day, to inform him that the honor of knighthood awaited him. Captain Pellew expressed his gratitude for the distinction which it was the intention of his Sovereign to confer on him, but begged leave

respectfully to decline it on the score of his want of his wealth. The fees he could but ill afford, and though Mrs. Pellew could go to market, *Lady Pellew* could not chaffer for a fowl or a pound of butter. This was represented to the King, who desired the fees might be made easy; and the Queen settled a pension of one hundred guineas per annum on *Lady Pellew*,

SIR ROBERT KER PORTER.

By his own indefatigable industry Sir Robert Ker Porter has raised himself to what he now is. One of a highly-talented family, he had, at his outset in life, to struggle with considerable disadvantages. He was principally self-taught, and after he had taken a few lessons of Mr. West, the President of the Royal Academy, he commenced the *Panorama of the Siege of Seringapatam*, which proved to be the corner-stone of his fortunes. When it was completed, and before the public exhibition took place, Mr. Porter waited on Mr. West, and requested the favor of his opinion of the painting. Mr. West, (I use his own

words) thought Mr. Porter "a clever young man, but not equal to the task he had undertaken," though unwilling to discourage him, he readily promised to visit the exhibition-room on the following Sunday. The young artist was somewhat nervous on the occasion, but the surprise and pleasure of Mr. West, when he saw the genius of his pupil had exceeded the expectations he had formed, soon convinced him, that he had not failed in his first great undertaking. The friendship of Mr. West was of great use to Mr. Porter, and every person, who had any pretensions to taste or talent, visited the Panorama of Seringapatam. The engravings of Seringapatam were rapidly subscribed for, and as rapidly sold; and, with a degree of consideration which few young men possess, he placed every guinea he received in the hands of his mother, with whom and his sisters he resided, and a more amiable, happy and respectable family there could not be met with.

BEILBY PORTEOUS, D. D.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

BISHOP PORTEOUS was, perhaps, the most amiable Prelate that ever filled the See of London. His virtues were unpresuming but universal. The greater part of his income was distributed in charity, and his example compelled those who were probably not much inclined to liberality, to keep pace with him in benevolence. That he was no respecter of persons the manner in which he compelled the Marchioness of B—, his near neighbour, to observe the sabbath, or at least not publicly to outrage the decencies of society, by holding card assemblies on those evenings which the laws of God and man have dedicated to better purposes, will sufficiently prove;* and that he would not temporize

* Dr. Porteous wrote several times to Lady B. on the subject, and was put off with promises and excuses; but, as the nuisance was not abated, the Bishop took a more decided step, to enforce the observance of propriety and morality. The Sunday party were assembled, and the Marchioness was surrounded by guards and country, when, to her consternation, the Bishop of London was announced.

with his conscience, the following anecdote will establish beyond a doubt. He was on a visit at one of Mrs. Porteous' brothers, who had several sons, and the Bishop enquired how he intended to dispose of them in life. Perhaps somewhat thoughtlessly, Mr. Hodson replied, that one of them was very stupid, and might do for a parson. Dr. Porteous was exceedingly offended, and declared that he would neither ordain him nor provide for him should he be brought up for the church. Though every means was tried to soothe him, he kept his word, and the young man was therefore compelled to resign any hopes he might have indulged of clerical honors, and obliged to remain one of the laity. Though Dr. Porteous was religious

A general sweep of the cards into the laps of titled dowagers and ancient misses followed; the Bishop entered, and the Marchioness paid her compliments with as much ease as her confusion allowed her to assume. Dr. Porteous was not to be deceived, and quietly informed her, that the object of his visit was to put a stop to her amusements, and that if she continued to violate the Sabbath-day, it was his duty, as a Prelate, to bring her to punishment, and that her rank in life should not screen her. After this visit, Lady B. was more prudent.

in the strictest sense of the term, no man was a stronger advocate for rational amusement. He liked his rubber at whist, and could be pleased with a song. His Sunday evening parties were not only fashionable but delightful, for at them the unrivalled Mrs. Siddons, who was always a favorite with his Lordship, read in her fascinating style, passages from the sacred writings, and other works of a decided religious description. Such a man as Dr. Porteous,—as the late excellent Dr. Andrews, Dean of Canterbury, who bore the greatest similitude to the inestimable Diocesan, of any Clergyman of his time observed, is not to be met with *twice* in a century.

In one of his rambles round Saint James's Square, the attention of the Bishop was attracted by three little children, who were singing simply and sweetly a well known song. The cleanliness of the youthful minstrels struck the Bishop, and beckoning them to come to him, he questioned them as to the cause of their perambulating the streets to procure a precarious livelihood. Not content

with relieving their present necessities, the Prelate sent a gentleman to their residence in the evening, who ascertained that they were orphans, and under the protection of a relative, who had not the power of supporting them independent of their exertions to procure a trifling sum per day, to assist in relieving her of the burden which she had generously taken on herself, to prevent the children from becoming chargeable to the parish. Such conduct as this was not likely to be passed over by Dr. Porteous. A very large party had been invited to London House for the following evening, and the Bishop desired his *protegees* might be sent thither at a certain hour. When the guests were all assembled, on a signal from the Bishop, the children were ranged on the landing place, and the door of the drawing room left ajar—then, accompanied by the violin of the eldest boy, they commenced the song which had first introduced them to the notice of their benefactor. Every one was delighted, the children were brought in—the Bishop told their tale with that eloquent simplicity which could

not be resisted, and himself collected the alms of his guests, which, with his own liberal donation, formed a fund by which the present wants of the poor orphans were relieved, and their kind relative was enabled to place them in a more respectable situation in life.

MRS. SIDDONS.

Mrs. SIDDONS never gave a greater proof of her strength of mind, than when she refused to be shewn off as a *lion* in society. In the zenith of her popularity she accepted the invitation of a friend to an evening party, where every person was on the *qui vive* to listen to what Mrs. Siddons might say, that they might be able to retail her *mats* in other circles. The conversation of the tea table, however, she rather listened to, than joined in, and when the card tables were arranged, she very quietly took out her knotting from her work bag, and thus whiled away the time which she would most probably rather have devoted to her histrionic studies. Had she studied to make herself agreeable in society, she would, perhaps, have bartered

her fame for transient pleasure; but she steadily pursued one object, and fortune crowned her exertions, even beyond her most sanguine expectations.

LORD ERSKINE.

ABSENCE of mind is frequently the heritage of men of talent. Lord Erskine was afflicted with this malady. He one morning called upon a friend, and was scarcely shewn into the parlour when he exclaimed, "Curse those hackney-coaches! I seldom set foot in one of them, that I do not lose something." "What has your Lordship lost?" "My great coat, and very provoking it is, for it was quite a new one." "Does your Lordship usually wear *two* at a time?" enquired his friend, who perceived his Lordship had forgotten he was bearing the lost garment on his back.

Always gay at heart, he could not, even when filling the grave and dignified office of Lord Chancellor, resist the temptation of a masquerade, and though he knew the domino and the robe of state could not be said exactly to correspond, he ventured to join the gay

throng at Lady ——'s. The evening had nearly passed away without his being detected, when he, unfortunately, came in contact with an illustrious personage, who laying his hand on his shoulder, exclaimed, "Ah! Tom, this will not do for me, your voice would betray you anywhere."

The opinions of Lord Erskine were always liberal. When he succeeded Lord Eldon as Chancellor, he made a point of offering all Lord Eldon's friends the retention of their places, which, I believe, was generally accepted by every person, except Mr. Surtees, a nephew of Lady Eldon's, who, would not allow him to remain in office under a Whig administration. This liberality of Lord Erskine did him the more credit, as there were so many of his own party clamorous for preferment and place, most of whom, from the short time the cabinet was in existence, were left wholly unprovided for.

During the Chancellorship of Lord Erskine a curious circumstance occurred, which shows the folly and inconvenience some persons incur by the indulgence of unnecessary

pride. Some letters requiring immediate attention, were given to a messenger by Lord Erskine for Lord Grenville, for whose reply he waited impatiently, and when he mentioned the affair to Lord Grenville, the latter denied that any such communications had ever been received. The messenger was questioned, and he persisted that the letters had been sent, and the affair was involved in mystery, till they were returned with the seals broken from the Post Office, and then it was discovered, that the secrets of the ministry had been exposed, because Lord Grenville made a point of never receiving any letters which might be forwarded to him through the medium of the two-penny Post Office.

The celebrated composer, SARTI, who, after the death of the ill-fated Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, was engaged at the Court of the Empress Catharine II. of Russia, was frequently so absorbed in the study of the mathematics, that he was absent even to a proverb. One day there was a very large party at Lord Whitworth's, the then British Ambassador, where Sarti's opera of Armida, was to be per-

formed, which had been composed by him for the famous Marchesi. The Prince Yousuphoff, then director of the opera, sent all the band and the principal vocal and instrumental performers belonging to the Court. Most of the nobility were present, and on the composer's arrival being announced, every one rose to receive him. He was dressed in the full court uniform, but, to the amusement of the assembly, appeared with one white and one black stocking. Whilst Sarti had retired to adjust his legs, it was proposed that the overture and introduction should be performed, or, at least, that the orchestra should play the symphony. Lord Whitworth ordered his suite to place the music, which Sarti had brought with him, and all were expectation. The leader of the band, who was looking over his part, appeared very earnest in his observations on the music to the rest of the orchestra, but at length they began, not without making many wry faces; every one thought the overture partook more of the style of a solemn dirge, than the lively character of the story of Armida. So, it appeared, did Sarti,

for in a moment he rushed into the room, in the utmost confusion and agitation, exclaiming, in a stentorian voice, to the leader of the band, "What, in the name of Heaven! are you playing? and where did you get that music? Why you should have began with the overture of the Opera, instead of which you are playing the requiem I composed for the obsequies of His Majesty Gustavus the Third, which loses all its effect without the minute guns." This second blunder produced more mirth than the first. The requiem was removed, and the original overture sent for, which was performed, and received with redoubled bursts of applause.

HUERTA.

HUERTA, the celebrated Spanish performer on the guitar, in the summer of 1828 made an excursion to Tonbridge Wells; in company with a professor of the violin, whom he had engaged for the occasion. Neither of them were encumbered with a superfluity of cash, and the impetuosity of the Spaniard, who could not even submit to the tardiness of

travelling post, contrived to render it still less by the douceurs he gave to the post-boys at each stage, to accelerate their speed. On their arrival at the place of their destination, Huerta and his companion were literally without money, and the landlord of the hotel at which they stopped, had, (without being aware of the state of the finances of his guests) to pay the post boy his promised reward for being expeditious. Huerta, and his friend, had now to consider how to raise the wind, but Fortune, who is frequently propitious to improvident persons, in this instance, stood their friend. The Duchess of Kent was staying at the same hotel, with the Princess Victoria, and hearing of Huerta's arrival, sent for him to play before her and her daughter. For two hours the Spaniard had the high honor of entertaining Royalty, and on making his bow, received from his illustrious patronesses sixteen sovereigns for the amusement he had afforded them, and thus replenished his empty purse.

THE MARCHESA SOLARI.

This lady was a protégée of the Princess Lamballe, and, according to her own account, was an active agent for the Royal party at the commencement of the French Revolution. In her early days she must have possessed a wonderful power of voice; though, when I knew her, its sweetness had passed away like a dream; and, saving great strength of lungs, and considerable taste of execution in Italian music, there was little to attract attention. After passing through the hands of Sacchini, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, and other Italian masters, she became one of the amateur appendages to several of the German Courts; and, among others, to that of Prussia. The monarch was passionately fond of music, and a tolerable proficient on the violin, and the "El Pirro" of Zingarelli, was one of his favorite performances. Accustomed to take liberties with the score of the composer, she sometimes introduced ~~capriccios~~ ^{changes} which puzzled the king, who would then stop short in his fiddling, and, leaning over the book, exclaim,

“Where is that passage? I cannot find it in the score.”

On her arrival in England, however, by ~~some~~ unfortunate chance, she took to singing English music, and thought proper to *Italianize* that simply beautiful Scotch air, “*Scots wha hae,*” which she persisted in singing to every man, woman and child whose ~~unlucky stars~~ brought them in her way. The first time I met her, she “made the welkin ring,” with this charming melody, which, perhaps, no person can do justice to, with the exception of Braham; and though something nearly approaching to a broad grin, was on the countenance of every individual of the party, she willingly accepted the suppressed sneer for the smile of admiration, and by way of paying a compliment to the only stranger of the party, volunteered to sing it again. This was almost too much to contend with; and then her attitude and action! Picture for a moment, a woman far past a, “*certain age,*” of a petite figure, and somewhat tawdrily attired, perched up on a music-stool, her feet not reaching the ground by five or six

inches, by the side of a tall, thin pianist, whose imploring look seemed to ask mercy on his ears. Then fancy the symphony over, and a harsh voice, to which the deep mellow tones of Pisaroni would be but as a distant echo, *warbling* the invocation of Bruce, with boisterous rage and tremulous cadenzas, while the hands took positions which were marvellously like those made use of by sparring gentlemen. Now let imagination take a more extensive field, and suppose the Marchesa not entirely satisfied with the effect her exertions have produced, and by way of quieting the risible muscles of her auditors, apologizing for the *weakness* of her voice, as not being quite recovered from a few days indisposition, her musical organs were not in their usual state of perfection! and, combining these sketches together, the Marchesa will stand in propria personæ before you.

The Marchesa is also a *bleu*, quotes Latin with the air of a pedagogue, and abuses Mr. C——n because he will not receive her, nor purchase any more of her writings, nor listen to her eternal stories of the Bourbons and the

Revolution. It is the only subject, except herself, on which she is conversable ; and of herself she is wont to recount anecdotes and adventures, which it would be impolite to laugh at, and an insult to one's understanding to believe. Take the following specimens : When she was at the Court of Saxony, employed, as usual, in singing a scena from " *El Pirro*," one of the musicians was so astonished at the power of her voice, and her execution of several of the passages, that he threw down his violin, in the presence of the then Electoral Court, and exclaimed, " My God ! what a voice ! " The Court laughed—the Marchesa laughed, and, for aught I know, the musician laughed also. Then, at the Court of Stanislaus, of Poland, his Majesty gallantly said, as he folded her shawl round her, that " her voice, like that of the nightingale, ought to be listened to in silence." But Napoleon, the terror of old ladies, and young gentlemen at school, had no taste for bravura ladies, and in consequence of certain interferences placed her under surveillance in her own villa near Venice, from whence she

escaped on board a British frigate, and after having suffered shipwreck in a vessel, whose misfortune never appeared in the public papers, on the coast of France, treated the English with her lucubrations and her singing, till, tired of both, they would neither read nor listen any longer.

MADAME GRASSINI.

MADAME GRASSINI, who, as a cantatrice, was greatly admired in England some few years since, was always anxious to be considered as the *chère amie* of Napoleon, though there certainly is some reason to suspect it, for Josephine, aware that he was subject to divulge even the secrets of the State in his sleep, with the aid of Fouche, the chief of the police, kept so strict a watch over him, that, had there existed such a *liason*, she would shortly have caused the banishment of Grassini. But Grassini served him more effectually in her public capacity, and from the information she received from certain distinguished characters, (which was forwarded to Napoleon through the medium of Salicette,

from whom she received in 1803-4, by way of Genoa, a cheque for 100,000 francs, as secret service money) she gave proof that she deserved his friendship. After the dethronement of Napoleon, and during his residence at Elba, having lost her patron, she resorted to her primitive profession of gallantry; and from her sanction of the general report of her having been the favorite of the ex-Emperor, the curiosity of a nobleman in the suite of Louis the XVIII, was excited, and he paid her a visit. On entering her residence he was astonished to see the apartments she occupied ornamented with busts, medallions, paintings and prints of Napoleon, in all the varieties of costume. She perceived the surprize of her visitor, and enquired the reason, "Why, Madam," he replied, "if I may be allowed to be candid; I cannot but feel surprized at seeing you surrounded with the emblems of a man whom France has rejected." Pardon me," replied Grassini, "if the King will do for me what the Emperor did, I will instantly cause these to be taken down, and replace them with mementoes of the Bourbons." The

nobleman bowed and retired. The conversation was reported in the proper quarter, and Grassini received imperative orders to quit the French territory ; a fate which she had brought on herself by her own vanity.

LORD MOIRA.

When the late Marquis of Hastings (then Lord Rawdon) was in America during the struggle for independence between the States and the mother country, which terminated in favor of the former, his dinner party was one day interrupted by the entrance of a female, who demanded to see the Lord ! General Doyle, as aid de camp to his Lordship, rose to make enquiries as to the nature of the communication she was desirous of making, and untwisting her long hair, she took from thence a sealed packet, which she was about to present to General Doyle, when he, with a low bow, pointed to Lord Rawdon, who kept his seat at table, and said, that is his Lordship.

• “ Indeed ! ” replied the female, with a look of surprize, “ if that is the Lord, I guess you are the likelier man of the two ! ”

THE MARGRAVE OF ANSPACH.

AT one of the gay parties at Brandenburg House, a gentleman by some accident had the misfortune to break one of the magnificent pier-glasses, with which the apartment was ornamented. He felt exceedingly confused, and knew not what to say in apology for his awkwardness, till he was relieved by the amiable consideration of the Margrave, who pushing the decanter towards the gentleman, observed kindly, that “where the *glass* stands there is no mirth.”

MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

AT the time the death of Prince Alfred threw the Court of England into sorrow, Queen Charlotte, was told that the lady of General Mac Cormick (who was a niece of Earl Bathurst) had experienced a similar deprivation. “Poor thing!” exclaimed her Majesty, with tears of sympathy, “her heart must be wounded indeed!” and she sent one of her ladies every day to call on Mrs. Mac Cormick, till she had sufficiently recovered

from the shock she had sustained, to pay her compliments at Court.

MR. JOHN P. KEMBLE.

When the late celebrated John Kemble received the positive promise from Lord North, that in case of his marriage within a given time, a certain sum of money was to be placed at his command, he thought it both prudent and necessary to select a helpmate before the period of limitation expired, and therefore one morning, after rehearsal, he in his usual pompous and declamatory manner addressed himself to Mrs. Brereton, who was the widow of an actor, and on the boards herself—"Mrs. Brereton," said Kemble, "from the friendship I indulged for your late husband, and my personal observations of your conduct, I have no objection to making you my wife. This is Thursday, and by this day week you will oblige me with your answer." Mrs. Brereton was surprized, both at the offer and the manner in which that offer had been made, and on her return home consulted her mother, Mrs. Hawkins, as to

the course she should adopt. Her advice was that her daughter should accept the offer, and on the following Thursday, when Mr. Kemble applied to her for her decision, the answer was favorable. The only notice Mr. Kemble took was to name the day, and he paid no more attention to his bride elect, till she met him on the morning of their marriage. Bannister gave a wedding dinner to his friend, after which Kemble repaired to the theatre where he was announced to perform one of his principal characters, and from whence he forgot to return to Bannister's for his bride, who, however, was escorted by her friends to her new home in Great Russell Street. This singular courtship turned out most happily for Mr. Kemble: he had not failed in his estimation of the qualities of the companion he had chosen, and she was perhaps a better wife than the lady, in consequence of whose attachment this hasty match was projected, might eventually have proved.

LORD RENDLESHAM.*

The first Lord Rendlesham, who on his elevation to the peerage, endeavoured to "throw ancient nobles quite into the shade"—was accustomed to make a laughing stock of those clergymen whom he invited to his table, with whom he dared take a liberty. On one occasion he had been as usual indulging in this vulgar badinage in the presence of a spirited member of the Church, who prudently forebore to take any notice of his sarcasms, till he took leave of the company, when sending in, by a domestic, a very polite message, with a request to speak with his Lordship, he was favored with the presence of the peer who came into the hall to attend to his commands. The clergyman had armed himself with a whip, which he applied with such good will about the body of his Lordship,

* The creation of this peerage was the last official act of Mr. Pitt, who in one of the cleverest squibs of the day, was said to have

"Resolv'd with one loud laugh his lungs to cheer,
Indulg'd the joke, and made the Cit a Peer."

that he literally screamed out for assistance, and was rescued by his guests, who stood silent with astonishment at the scene they witnessed. An explanation was readily given, and, added the clergyman, it is thus that the rebellious layman should always be corrected by the sons of the Church. From this time his Lordship was particularly careful not to offend again in society.

MR. ROTHSCHILD.

MR. ROTHSCHILD, of London, accidentally fell from his horse in the Champs Elysees on the same day that the Emperor Alexander of Russia died; and Rothschild of Paris, who is somewhat troubled with the vanity of wealth, remarked some short time afterwards, when the decease of the Emperor was the theme of conversation at a splendid *soiree*, that two events would render that day memorable in history, viz. the fall of his brother from his horse, and the Emperor's death.

DOCTOR BISSET.

DR. BISSET, who wrote a life of Burke, was one of those persons who cherished a hatred towards all mankind, and with whom self-interest was the ruling passion. A branch of a highly respectable family, to whom he had been indebted for many acts of kindness, had obtained an appointment in the East India service, and there were some family secrets which they were anxious should not be made public, and which were only known to Dr. Bisset. This he knew, but the love of mischief predominated over the sentiments of gratitude, and even before the young gentleman reached India, the obnoxious anecdotes were in full circulation at Calcutta. The Doctor published a novel in which he took a liberty with the reputation of Mrs. D—n, the wife of a well-known army-agent, and he industriously circulated a report that she was the original of the portrait, and all the insinuations strictly true. The book fell into the hands of Mr. D—n. and the Doctor finding a prosecution was likely to be insti-

tuted against him, repaired to Marlborough Street, and made an affidavit, contradictory of his former insinuations. This did not satisfy Mr. D——n, who was determined not to let him escape so easily, and after some little exertion he contrived to meet the Doctor at the top of Sloane Street, when he repaid the obligation the Doctor had conferred on him, by so well-applied a horsewhipping that Bisset ran down the Street roaring like a school boy, and was delighted when he gained shelter in his own house, to the very door of which Mr. D——n followed him, the whip still doing its duty on the Doctor's back.

POLITICAL INCONSISTENCY.

At the time of the trial of Warren Hastings the late Marquis of L—— was privately using his influence against him, and was daily, during the proceedings, in the city with the late Sir F. Baring, to whom he was a kind of political bear-leader, in order to obtain, privately, the real opinion of the Directory of Leadenhall-street. After the acquittal of Mr.

Hastings, the trio met at the levee, and, to the surprize of Sir F. who was an honest politician, the Marquis of L—— took the hand of Mr. Hastings in the most friendly manner, and expressed the sincere pleasure he felt at the decision which had been made in his favor, and also the great uneasiness he had suffered, in consequence of the political persecution he had been doomed to undergo. Sir Francis was not sufficiently initiated in the mysteries of fashion, nor conversant in the hollow-heartedness of courtiers, to relish such time-serving; and, he confessed that he ever after regarded the professions and the opinions of Lord L—— with a degree of distrust, which he found it impossible totally to banish from his mind.

LORD ERSKINE AND MR. MOORE.

LORD ERSKINE had, at one time, but a slight opinion of Mr. Moore's talents. He told me, that he had always considered him as rather an insignificant personage, till, one day, after dinner, at Lord L——'s, he heard him sing his own delightful and spirited song

of "Fly not yet," which he had never before heard or read. The effect was electric ; and Lord Erskine became as great an admirer of Mr. Moore's writings, as the most enthusiastic votary of the Muses ever was.

DR. PARR.

The eccentricities of Dr. Parr have been so frequently recorded, that they are too well known to the world to require comment, but there are many which are not so generally known, and among them his May-day tea-party is conspicuous.

It was the custom of the Doctor to invite all the ladies of his acquaintance to visit him at Hatton, on the first of May, when he, "like a Turk with his ladies around," would take them to see all the rural sports of the village, and afterwards entertain them with tea at the Vicarage, where none other of the male sex, except himself, were, on that occasion, admitted. Tom Sheridan, who was his pupil, used to aver, that even the Doctor's tom cat, which was, at other times, a particular favorite, was, at this season, doomed to solitary

confinement, lest he might be tempted to infringe on the prohibited dominions of his master.

Dr. Parr had a keen eye, and nothing offended him so much as for any person to take a book from the shelves of his library, and neglecting to replace it in its allotted shelf, as soon as they had finished, or were tired of reading it. Mr. B——, an artist, was, one day, dining with the Doctor, when his eye unfortunately happened to rest on a vacant space, from which a book had been taken, and not replaced, by a lady of the party, and he very unceremoniously desired her to rise from table, and return the absent volume to its place.

NAPOLEON.

I have never been able to satisfy myself whether it was humility or pride in Napoleon to refuse the request of the Corsicans, to repair and beautify the humble cottage at Ajaccio in which he was born. When the request was made, he replied, "No; let it remain as it is." The house is a mere cottage, and the

chamber in which he first saw the light, miserably small. When the Marquis of C—— was at Ajaccio in 1828, it remained in the same humble state, as it was at the time the Buonaparte family left it to take possession of palaces. It is, of course, a shew-house to travellers; and the cradle in which the modern Cæsar was rocked to sleep, has had nearly as many travelling pilgrims to visit it, as the Chapel of Loretto has had penitents kneeling at its shrine.

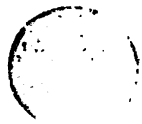
MISS MITFORD.

PEOPLE of talent are, generally, accused of thoughtlessness and vanity; but, fortunately, the whole of the scribbling race are not quite devoid of sense and prudence. Lady Charlotte Bury, who has a penchant for literary lionesses, had a great desire to meet Miss Mitford, who, in consequence, received an invitation to a conversazione, at which her Ladyship was to assist. Though a successful writer, Miss Mitford had too many claims on her purse, to admit of the extra expence of attending to the wishes of a quality authoress,

and prudently left London the day previous to the party taking place. This did honor both to her head and her heart: for a woman who is so exemplary in her conduct in every situation in life, as Miss Mitford is, needs not the vapoury aid of fashionable notoriety, to obtain either respect or fame.

DIBDIN THE ELDER.

DIBDIN lost his pension, in his old age, in consequence of an incautious allusion, in one of his songs, to young officers being promoted by favor, over the heads of the veterans. This was but a poor reward for the spirit his vocal compositions had infused in the bosoms of the British sailors; and when the decision of the higher powers was made known to the veteran writer, he remarked, that though *his* officer became bald, in consequence of his juniors stepping over his head, he believed, if he might trust public opinion, he was the Lord High Admiral of Naval song writing, and in no danger of ever being over-stepped by his juniors.



R. B. SHERIDAN.

EVERY body knows that Sheridan, the witty and improvident child of genius, was continually compelled to contend with difficulties and distresses. A common and every-day sort of person would have avoided the rocks on which he blindly ran his bark, but it is questionable whether such a personage would have had the tact and the talent to escape destruction so often as Sheridan did. The story of his dressing up in his own livery the persons who were placed by his creditors to take care of his property, is well known, but it is not generally known, that to one of those persons, he was indebted for considerable assistance in a time of extreme need.* This kindness made a great impression on the mind of Sheridan, and a friendship commenced between him and the person in question, which continued unbroken to the time of his death.

* The sum lent was £.600, which Sheridan repaid punctually to the time he promised when it was advanced.

It was an honourable and a praise worthy sentiment, and proves that Sheridan was not that heartless being which many writers have described him, and which the world in general are inclined to consider him.

When Sheridan came into office, one of his first acts was to write to Mr. ———, the person above alluded to, to say that he had not forgotten an old friend, and had appointed his son to a situation, which though at present not very lucrative, would in time be worth something more, and which might be considered more acceptable, from the circumstance of its not being in the power of any future administration to take away.

This *active* kindness speaks volumes in favor of poor Sheridan! The appointment came unsolicited and unsought for—it was the gift of a grateful heart. An act like this is an atonement for half his follies.

At Cranford, there are, in the garden of Mr. Graham, ten or eleven very fine oak-trees, generally known as the Sheridan oaks, from the acorns of which his present Majesty has raised several more. The history of

these trees which bear the name of a man whose memory will live as long as the literature of Britain exists, is somewhat curious. Mr. Graham had received a present of some very fine pheasants from Sheridan, and in the crops of these birds the ten or eleven acorns, from which the present trees have sprung, were found. The circumstance itself was singular—the acorns were set and thrived luxuriantly, and from the quantity his Majesty has caused to be planted, perhaps, at a future period, some proud vessel may be built, which, when it skims over the ocean, may make the enemies of Britain bow to Sheridan's oaks, as they have already been lost in wonder at the power of his genius.

Sheridan's talents for raising the wind are universally known, but with all his contrivances, he could not be said to exceed in this science, the skill of the person who has excited so much public attention, under the title of the Princess Olive of Cumberland.

When this lady resided in Alfred Place,

receiving company with all the consequence of Royalty, she bethought herself of an excellent expedient to replenish the empty coffers of her treasury. This was nothing less than instituting a new order of Knighthood, which was ostensibly manufactured to confer dignity and consequence on the adherents to her cause, and with which Sir Gerard Noel, and her other partizans, were to be decorated.

Among those whom the Princess "delighted to honor," was a Mr. Ergas, an old gentleman well known in the metropolis, who was of her Highness's Privy Council, and when this important order of modern chivalry was first resolved on, he received her commands to attend her. As well as the frosty weather, and an inveterate gout would permit, he obeyed her summons; and, as the lady was in bed, he was desired to proceed to her chamber, where, in a speech of some length, she informed him, that it was now in her power to reward his faithful services, and concluded by desiring him to kneel down by her bed-side. Mr. Ergas was not a person much addicted to kneeling, and when once in that position, was

aware that he could not without great difficulty resume a horizontal one, but, as the Princess was peremptory, he had no alternative but to obey. "Now," exclaimed the Princess, patting his head, which from its weight of years ought to have been wiser, "rise up Sir James Ergas, Knight of the most noble order of the White Eagle of Poland." Bending under the weight of his new dignity, which, however, did not impart the slightest elasticity to his limbs, he returned her Highness thanks for the honor she had conferred on him: she then proceeded to inform him, that the fees of admission to this knightly brotherhood were twenty pounds, which she, as Sovereign of the Order, would, in the absence of the necessary officers of the institution, be graciously pleased to take with the same royal hand which was to sign his diploma. This was a demand which, after his "faithful services," Mr. Ergas was not inclined to comply with; and, though he was told that all the other adherents of her Highness, from the surgeon in ordinary and extraordinary, to the Baronet, had cheerfully complied with the established

forms, he begged to be *unknighted* by the same process by which the honour was conferred. This was rather unchivalrous conduct, but in the case of her Highness of Cumberland, no one could say with Burke, that the age of chivalry was past, for there were many who deemed the empty honor a prize worth the purchase.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUGH.

The late Duchess Dowager of Buccleugh, (by birth a Montague) was a pattern of all that was exemplary and amiable. Her exalted rank only served to set off her virtues—the poor blessed her when they saw her, and the rich admired and envied those inestimable qualities which added a lustre to her rank in society. At Dalkeith, and at Richmond, her bounty flowed in an uninterrupted stream; and when she was applied to by the active agents of a society who blazon their trifling and precarious beneficence periodically to the world, to allow *them* to distribute her numberless acts of kindness to persons who felt the pressure of adversity, she nobly refused, as she was content

to do good privately, and wished not to become one of the ostentatious many, whose end and aim in life is notoriety. A very respectable family of the name of M——, who were greatly reduced in circumstances, had opened a boarding house at Richmond, which was speedily filled with inmates, and every thing appeared to promise well. Their daughter returned from France, and in the course of a few days was taken ill with a fever which proved fatal. The house was deserted by the boarders, and the expences of the poor girl's illness had taken from them the last guinea they possessed in the world, so that they had not the means of providing even a decent funeral for the ill-fated girl. Some person, to whom they applied in this emergency, sent the before-mentioned society to enquire into their distress and relieve them, but as Mr. M——, happened to have a gold watch of very slight value in his pocket, they considered (good Samaritans) that with such an appendage he could not be poor, and therefore the intentions of the person who sent them on an errand of humanity were frus-

trated. By accident their situation came to the knowledge of the Duchess of Buccleugh, who immediately, and unsolicited, sent a messenger with twenty pounds, with a request that if that was not sufficient, they would not permit delicacy to prevent them from applying to her for further assistance.

**DR. LLOYD, BISHOP OF OXFORD,
AND BARON HULLOCK.**

BARON HULLOCK was a strong stickler for Protestant ascendancy, and was extremely indignant when he received from a friend a hint that his old friend the Bishop of Oxford, was veering to the other side of the question. They had been friends from youth, and on the very day the Judge received the intimation of the change in his friend's politics, the bishop was invited to dine with him. "If the report is true," said Baron Hullock, "it will be the last time we can ever meet on terms of intimacy," and he professed his determination to be satisfied on the subject before the Prelate left his society. His friends attempted to dissuade him from allowing political principles to inter-

tere with private friendship, but the Judge was resolute, and detained the Prelate under some pretence or other, until all the other guests had taken their leave. Then the startling question was asked; the Bishop confessed the report was true, and said, that he had *nine* substantial reasons for changing the opinions he had previously cherished. Baron Hullock gravely enquired what reasons could have induced his Lordship to secede from his former principles. "They are very powerful ones," replied Dr. Lloyd: "I have *three* daughters, and *six* sons to provide for in life." "Very well," replied Baron Hullock, "in twenty years time you may have *nine* reasons to wish you had acted otherwise." From this time they never met—and both were shortly after removed from this world—within a short time of each other.

A dignified Divine in Sussex was as unbending as Baron Hullock, and after the bill for the emancipation of the Catholics, had received the Royal signature, pertinaciously

refused to drink the King's health, either in public or private. The Bishop of Chichester, (Dr. Carr) was invited to dine with him, and his family and friends tried to persuade him, as the Prelate was to be his guest, for once to drink "The King," the effort was made in vain, and when the dessert was placed on the table, his Reverence, addressing the Bishop, said, "My Lord, I neither wish to offend you, nor your master, but my toast is, the glorious memory of King George the Third, the protector of the Protestant Religion." Dr. Carr, who did not desire to know too much, said in reply, that it was a toast no one could object to, and thus spared his host the trouble of explaining and giving utterance to sentiments which the Prelate did not wish to listen to.

LORD COMBERMERE.

LORD COMBERMERE when he was Governor of Barbadoes had the misfortune to offend the Barbadians so greatly, that they refused him even the accustomed compliment on his recall, and in the motion which preceded the address

of the House of Assembly to the new Governor, particular notice was taken of the causes of offence imputed to his Lordship, with an implied hope, that his successor would study the interests and wishes of the Colonists, and not allow personal feelings to supersede public duty.

There had existed for some time a misunderstanding between his Lordship and the planters; and on his removal of some of them from the magistracy, the smothered feud broke out into a flame, and a paper war of the most unsparing description commenced between the two parties. One of the newspaper editors who had made himself too obnoxious to the ruling powers, was compelled to expatriate himself to another colony, from whence he discharged his literary missiles with double effect, as there was no law to prevent the dissemination of a paper published in another dependency, and the Barbadians were regular contributors and subscribers.

Lord Combermere was not a Governor likely to please the Barbadians, and though his lady with the greatest condescension and kindness

did every thing in her power to conciliate the wives of the planters, matters had gone too far to be made up, and her amiable endeavours were received with neglect. Still every body spoke well of her, but the dislike of the Colonists to his Lordship was so great, that many of them would not go within a bow-shot of the government-house. Lord Combermere was most unhappy in his advisers, and had the mortification of knowing that his recall was the signal of triumph to the stronger party. One of his Lordship's friends, on taking leave, expressed his sorrow that his opponents had prevailed with the higher powers at home. "My dear Sir," replied Lord Combermere, "Barbadoes is too hot for me; for if the Devil was banished from his hereditary dominions, and compelled to pass the time of his exile here, he would sigh to return to his own kingdom."

LORD ERSKINE, JOSEPHINE, AND
NAPOLEON.

DURING the short peace, Lord (then Mr.) Erskine, in company with Mr. Fox, paid a visit to Paris, and were presented to Napoleon, then First Consul, by whom Mr. Erskine was, but slightly noticed. From thence they proceeded to pay their respects to Josephine, who regularly held her morning levees. After the ceremony of presentation had taken place, Mr. Erskine mingled with the throng who formed the court circle of the premier dame de France, *pro tem.* but the eyes of Josephine followed him, and conceiving that he was interrupting her view, he changed his situation, but still he found it impossible to elude Josephine's eye. Her scrutinizing gaze at length became painful, and Mr. Erskine ventured to approach her, and enquire if he could be of any assistance in furthering her wishes, by communicating her commands to any person in the room. "It was to you I was desirous of speaking, Mr. Erskine," she replied, "the First Consul has desired me to tell you, he

expects to meet you at my assembly this evening." Mr. Erskine bowed assent, and attended the appointment. When Napoleon made his appearance in the evening, he took Mr. Erskine cordially by the hand, and after apologizing for the slight notice he had taken of him on his first introduction, he accounted for it by saying, "I did not then know you, Mr. Erskine, for I did not believe that so young a man as you, could have written so ably on the causes of the war. I have read your book, and when Mr. Fox explained to me who you were, I immediately sent to request Madame Buonaparte would make the *amende honorable* for me, until I had an opportunity of telling you, that I am happy to have the honor of knowing you personally."

An Italian gentleman who was in the household of Napoleon during his exile in the Isle of Elba, and followed his fortunes till the time of his taking refuge in the Bellerophon, told me, that Napoleon was very scrupulous in deciding on the character of persons who were

strongly recommended to him by those who wished to promote the interests of their friends. He liked to see and converse with them: if he was pleased with their manners and conversation he gave them his hand, and this was invariably a pledge of his intentions to patronize them. If, on the contrary, they did not make a favorable impression, a cold salute was the signal for their leaving his presence, and therefore each person thus introduced, was perfectly aware of his situation, before he left the presence of the Emperor.

HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV.

It is much to the honor of His present Majesty, and does equal credit to the monarch and the man, that he is a decided and liberal patron both of literature and the arts, but there is another estimable trait in his character, which ought not to be overlooked. When any case of difficulty or distress is represented to him, he waits not to be solicited to relieve, but disposes of his bounty of his own spontaneous will. When the death of Lord Cole-

raine was mentioned to him, his first enquiry was, whether his son was provided for; and being answered in the negative, he immediately desired to be informed whether there were any vacant places, not absolutely disposed of. There happened to be two not filled up in the department then under the direction of Mr. Vansittart, who was immediately instructed to appoint Mr. Hanger to one without delay. The commands of his Majesty were complied with: but the exact situation not being officially pointed out, the minister kept the best one in reserve for some other candidate.

CAPEL LOFFT.

I ONCE asked Mr. Lofft, who was the first patron of Bloomfield the poet, why, as he professed to be desirous of deterring authors from meddling with the muses, he had exerted himself so much to bring the "Farmer's Boy" into notice? "I saw there was genius in him," he replied, "and I knew that a *rara avis* in the literary world, was more likely to succeed than a properly trained writer; therefore I knew I ran no risk in assisting to shew him

up, and he was certain not to be a loser by the experiment. A second aspirant of the same description would not be likely to succeed so well. "I am not satisfied," he continued, "whether I have rendered him a service, or been the source of misfortune to him, but I think I shall never be tempted to act in a like manner again."

The fate of poor Bloomfield is the best comment on the text that can be offered.

Patrons are not always the most munificent, though it was even of late years the fashion to flatter their liberality as well as their vanity. Dr. Goodenough, the late Bishop of Carlisle, wrote a volume (of poems I believe) in which he followed a very different plan, and plainly told the Portland family, whose Tutor he had been, that they had forgotten him and his services. In less than a month after this exposé of their neglect, the See of Carlisle became vacant, and the now remembered Tutor to a Duke, according to established custom, was decorated with a mitre.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS was very much incensed with Peter Pindar, for the squib which he circulated respecting him, in which he makes Sir Joseph regret that "fleas are not lobsters after all," though he had subjected them to the usual test of boiling. The two belligerents met shortly afterwards at the house of their mutual friend Lord M———; during dinner they were exceedingly grave, and as Peter had no excitement to call forth his conversational powers, he was nearly approaching to that degree of sulkiness which he was accustomed to evince whenever he conceived himself or his abilities to be under-rated. His taciturnity was remarked by the host, who observed that he had added another wrinkle to his brow. "And very properly," returned Sir Joseph, "Cain, we all know, was doomed to bear a mark on his forehead."

**DR. BUCKNER,
BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.**

DR. BUCKNER was one of the most estimable prelates that ever filled the episcopal throne, and from the high character he bore among all classes of the people, he was not unfrequently embarrassed by the charges they imposed upon him. Greatly against his own inclinations, he was sometimes compelled to take upon himself the guardianship of young ladies, which, as Lord Eldon acknowledged, was one of the most troublesome tasks that could fall to the lot of man.

One of his Lordship's wards was for a time a source of considerable uneasiness to him. At the seminary in which she was placed to finish her education, she formed a friendship with a young lady who was a Quakeress, and whose family pressed the Bishop so closely to permit her to pass the vacation at their residence, that he found it impossible to refuse the request, without being guilty of absolute rudeness. Here the gay ward of the prelate, as if desirous to torment her guardian, fell in love with the brother of her friend, and on

her return from her visit, had not only embraced the tenets of the Society of Friends, but also adopted the primitive simplicity of their dress. The Bishop, who was not aware of her secession from the Church, was aghast with astonishment when he beheld his ward metamorphosed both in manners and dress, and was not less vexed at the pertinacity with which she defended her opinions. Reasoning was ineffective, she talked the Bishop into silence; and wrote him into a state of nervous irritation, but still she remained firm to the new faith she had embraced. Things remained in this state for more than a year, and her minority alone prevented her from joining her fate with that of the attractive Quaker youth, who had won her first affections. The Bishop was as obdurate as it was possible for a guardian to be, and the farce of Quakerism was concluded by a scene as pleasant as unexpected. A German Officer of Dragoons met with this love-sick lady at a party at Chichester, and in a short time was introduced at the palace, and to the surprise of the Bishop, his ward cast off her simple

habiliments. the first day the officer dined at the episcopal residence, and the next morning the gallant soldier paid a visit of ceremony to the prelate, and made his proposals in due form for his ward. As the young lady was willing to receive him, his attentions were accepted conditionally, and the reference he gave to a German Prince, then resident in England, being satisfactory, the Bishop thankfully gave up the charge of a troublesome ward to a husband who was better qualified than himself to manage a vacillating lady.

The Bishop, like Dr. Barrington, prelate of Durham, was of simple and unpretending manners. It was one of the greatest pleasures of Dr. Buckner to take his Sunday evening's walk into the New Road or the Regent's Park; nothing gave him more delight than to see the hundreds of smiling faces that he met with during his walk. Like the amiable Fenelon, he rejoiced to see people happy, and like him made allowances even for their errors. His goodness of heart often induced him to confer favors where they were least expected, and

on those who would have been too delicate to have solicited them.

During one of those periods of difficulty which have of late years been but too prevalent in this country, at the accustomed time of receiving his rents, an old tenant of the Bishop, instead of bringing him one hundred and fifty pounds, which was the amount of the sum in which he was indebted to the prelate, brought only one hundred, and solicited a few weeks indulgence that he might be enabled to procure the remainder. To this the Bishop freely assented, and after enquiring for the wife and family of his tenant, remarked that he had not seen them at Chichester on market-days for some time. "They have no inducement to visit the city now," replied the farmer, "the times are too hard to allow them to spend money in the purchase of caps and ribbons." The Bishop smiled, and after desiring him to take some refreshment in the Steward's room, requested that he might see him again before he left the palace to return home. The request of the Bishop was attended to, and when he took leave of the

honest farmer he placed a paper in his hands with this remark—"You have been a tenant of mine for many years, and I believe held the estate in the life time of my father. Let me see your wife and daughters again at market, and present this to them from me to replenish their stock of ribbons." When the farmer examined the paper, he found it to be the identical note which he had paid the Bishop in the morning, and for which he had the receipt in his pocket-book.

Dr. Buckner had the cheerfulness, without the austerity, of religion, and was very partial to the society of young persons, with whom he was gay as a child among its fellows. In this respect Dr. Barrington resembled him, and of this latter prelate, an anecdote has been told which shewed that the mitre had not extinguished his gallantry. In his private chapel the Bishop would never allow the ladies and gentlemen present to sit promiscuously together, but the former were accommodated with seats exactly opposite the throne on which the Bishop himself sat. A friend of mine who was unacquainted with the

prelatical regulations, being once at the chapel in company with some ladies, took his seat by them, the Bishop was just entering, and perceiving his regulations infringed, stopped as he passed the offender, and, with a smile, requested him to remove to the other side, as he liked not to see a blooming parterre disfigured even by a single weed.

Dr. Buckner was descended from a highly respectable family in Sussex, and was, early in life, chaplain to the Duke of Richmond, but according to a family tradition he appeared to be destined for the mitre from an early age. Mrs. Buckner, his mother, had but two sons, and though circumstances did not then seem to sanction the prediction, she always said one should be a Bishop, and the other an Admiral—an idea which was finally verified to the fullest extent. The Bishop used to relate this anecdote of his mother's foresight, and there are many of his friends still living who remember it well. In his clerical and parliamentary duties, Dr. Buckner was strictly conscientious, and neither argument nor persuasion could induce him to

swerve from that which he considered to be just. At the time when in obedience to the wishes of Royalty all the prelates assumed the clerical wig, the Bishop who had very fine hair was extremely loath to put on the powdered incumbrance, and this gave rise to the following impromptu ;—

“ One whim of the great, for which who cares a fig,
Was that Chichester's Bishop must needs wear a wig :
With his locks he determined, to please them, to part,
But there was no improving his head or his heart.”

The Bishop had an utter aversion to clerical dandies, and when in London wished to avoid as much as possible all contact with them, yet in virtue of his high station he was in a manner compelled to receive them. But he allowed that coxcombs were not to be met with in subordinate stations alone, when on receiving a visit from a youthful Irish prelate, of the monopolizing B——d family, who had not adopted the wig system, he mistook him for a young man who was a candidate for ordination.

The sound sense of the Bishop led him to

despise folly and frippery ; and he was not the best pleased with the Duke of Cumberland, who sent him a card of invitation to a private party, which it was not etiquette to refuse, when he found it was to meet and listen to the dulcet notes of a few opera-donnas. The invitation was, certainly, in bad taste, but a refusal would have been considered as indicative of a disaffected disposition.

The Bishop held the Rectory of St. Giles in the Fields, Middlesex, with the See of Chichester: and one Sunday, during the morning service, was much astonished at hearing the officiating clergyman desire "the prayers of the congregation for a person distressed in mind, body, and estate." The service was no sooner concluded, and the Bishop withinside the vestry, than he enquired why so singular an application to the devotional feelings of the congregation had been made, and why the curate had delivered it? "It was placed on the desk," was the reply, "and I considered that I ought to read it." "So you would, had it been a ballad;" returned the Bishop, pettishly; and, calling the clerk, he desired

to know by whom the prayer had been put up. He was informed, that a gentleman, who was then in the church, had given in the notice. The Bishop desired him to be sent to the vestry; and a genteely dressed man, having the appearance of one of the upper class of tradesmen, made his appearance. "I wished to see you, Sir," said the Bishop, "on the subject of the singular petition, you have this morning caused to be offered in the face of the congregation. Who is it that is reduced to the lamentable condition you have described?" "The prayer was for myself, my Lord; I have lost every thing I possessed in the world, and am therefore distressed in mind, body, and estate." "Truly, Sir," replied the Bishop "your reasoning is unanswerable; but, if every person in the same situation was to take the whim into their heads of being publicly prayed for, whenever their circumstances were embarrassed, the service of this church would require an additional curate." The prayer, however, was productive of no ill effects to the person who requested the spiritual compassion of the congregation, for the

Bishop did not allow him to quit the Church, without administering to his necessities.

The Bishop had a footman living with him, at one time, whose cognomen was David, but who, upon investigation, it appeared, had never been baptize^d. To have the man made a Christian, the Bishop felt was his imperative duty; and, for this purpose, his curate, the Rev. Mr. Croker, was requested to attend him, at his residence in Wigmore Street, to perform the ceremony, and the Prelate and his niece were to be the sponsors. After tea, a bason of water was brought in, and David made his appearance. Mr. Croker and the lady exchanged glances, and, at length, were unable to repress their laughter: however they took their places at the temporary font; but as the Bishop perceived that the ceremony was not likely to be very impressive, he very wisely deferred the christening till a more favorable opportunity, and left David to his fate.

**DR. PRETTYMAN TOMLINE,
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.**

MR. TOMLINE, an old gentleman who had resided some years abroad, and had amassed a very large fortune, on his return to England resolved to conceal his wealth, and visit all his former friends, as a man comparatively poor. By all of them he was received with coldness,—he was an old man, and they did not wish to be troubled either with his society, or his infirmities. After meeting with this heartless reception from all those who had, in former times, been enthusiastic in their professions of friendship, he called on **Dr. Prettyman**, then Bishop of Lincoln, at Buckden Palace. The Bishop was in London, but **Mrs. Prettyman** received him with all the warmth of friendship, and insisted on his remaining at the Palace until the return of the Bishop. In a few days **Dr. Prettyman** returned, and was as delighted to see **Mr. Tomline**, as the latter was charmed at finding there was one family in the world, whose hearts

were in the right place. Dr. Prettyman would not hear of Mr. Tomline's departure so early as he proposed going, and for more than a fortnight the old gentleman was entertained with genuine hospitality. The amiable conduct of the Bishop and his family towards an old friend, from whom they had no expectations, and of whose wealth they were ignorant, did not lose its effect on the heart of Mr. Tomline, who was paying a farewell visit to all his former connexions. He quitted his real friends with the most hearty good wishes for their welfare, and for about two months nothing more was heard of or from Mr. Tomline. About that period, however a stranger made his appearance at the episcopal residence, and requested a private audience of the Bishop; he was shewn into the study, and when the prelate appeared, he said, "My Lord, I come to inform you, that your old friend, Mr. Tomline, is dead." "Indeed!" returned Dr. Prettyman, with great feeling, "I am sorry to hear it; I respected him very much." "And so did he you, my Lord, as you and your family will find, for he has left his entire

fortune at your disposal." He then informed him of the cause of this unexpected and splendid bequest, for Mr. Tomline had left every thing he possessed to him, in consequence of his being the only one, among his circle of acquaintance, who had the liberality to notice and protect an old man, who was not supposed to be rich. The Bishop was quite overcome, and wept and laughed like a child, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that it was a freewill offering for disinterested friendship.

LORD CAMELFORD.

LORD CAMELFORD whose unfortunate fate affords an awful lesson to duellists, possessed, with all his eccentricities, an excellent heart, One day, as he was passing the Admiralty, his attention was excited by a young female, who was weeping bitterly as she came out of the court-yard of the building. He asked her the cause of her distress, and she told him that she had been to claim the sum of fifty pounds, which was due to her late father, and which it appeared she stood no chance of getting. Lord Camelford took out his pocket book,

enquired her name and residence—promised to look into the affair without delay, and told her, without disclosing his name, to call at Camelford House on the ensuing day. On her return home she had but a very melancholy story to relate to her mother, who questioned her closely as to the unknown gentleman, who had promised to enquire into the probability of her demands on the Admiralty being discharged. The young woman knew not his name or rank, and all the description she could give of him was, that he was a rough-looking man, who had lost nearly all his teeth. On the following day, however, she repaired to Camelford House, but was unable to tell the domestics who she wished to see, nor could she give any other explanation of the cause of her coming there than that she wanted to speak to the gentleman she had met with the preceding day near the Admiralty, who had desired her to call at an appointed hour. One of the domestics after having demanded her name, desired her to be seated in the hall, and retired. In a short time he returned, and desiring her to follow him, led

her up the superb staircase of the splendid mansion, and threw open the doors of the drawing room, saying to the bewildered female at the same moment, "that is my Lord." To her astonishment she perceived that it was her interceding friend, who told her that, in consequence of some informality, her claim was invalidated ; but, at the same time, presented her with a cheque for fifty pounds, observing, that as Lord Camelford had interfered in the affair, he was happy to have it in his power to relieve her of one embarrassment at least.

SIR WATHEN WALLER.

WHEN Sir Wathen Waller, then Mr. Phipps, was a very young man, and though but in the commencement of his practice, known as the most skilful and celebrated oculist of the day, two respectable ladies from Dorsetshire came up to London for the purpose of having an operation performed, the fee for which was an hundred pounds, and which Sir Wathen accomplished with success. Some time after the ladies had returned into the country,

Sir Wathen happened to be in company with a gentleman who came from their neighbourhood, and this naturally caused him to make enquiries respecting his patients. He had always considered them rich, but this gentleman corrected his mistake. As he was about to return into Dorsetshire, Sir Wathen begged him to take charge of a letter for the ladies in question, and with a liberality which reflected the highest honor on his heart, he returned the whole fee. The amiable manners of the ladies had particularly interested him during their stay in the metropolis, and he was gratified at having it in his power to prevent them suffering from some of the expences attendant on seeking relief from a painful and distressing affliction.

REV. W. HOLMES.

Mr. HOLMES, the present incumbent of the living of St. Giles without Cripplegate, is an instance of the success of incessant application to the duties of his situation. When he first came to London he was one of

the Choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral; economical even to a proverb, and always at his post at six o'clock every morning. This attention did not long pass unobserved, and Dr. Pearse, Sub Dean of the Chapel Royal, who was himself a very early riser, desired to be introduced to Mr. Holmes, who was the only one of the Choristers that regularly attended to his duties. Pleased with the manners of Mr. Holmes, Dr. Pearse obtained him some other preferment, and shortly afterwards he was inducted to a living in the country. From this period his fortunes wore a happy aspect, the Vicarage of St. Giles without Cripplegate, and the Sub Deanery of the Chapel Royal, on the death of Dr. Pearse, were added to his other preferments, and from an income of not more than fifty pounds per annum, he has, by his own exertions, attained a degree of wealth and consequence, which must be the more gratifying to his feelings, as they are the reward of his own labours.

GENERAL ADEANE.

GENERAL ADEANE, M. P. for Cambridge, was one of the favorite Aid-de-Camps of his late majesty George the Third, and the very quintessence of politeness. He was troubled with a weakness in the nerves of the left eye, which frequently assumed the appearance of a wink, and this archness, (the General being rather a gay character) was, in one instance, productive of a whimsical scene.

A gentleman of Cambridge had married a very beautiful young woman, to whom all the resident gentry in the county were desirous of paying every respect. At the first dinner party to which they were invited, she met the General, and at dinner, by the careful attention of the mistress of the mansion, she was placed on his *right* hand, and was greatly pleased with his politeness and conversation. When he again met her in the drawing room, he took his seat by her on the sofa, and now she was placed on his *left* hand. They entered into conversation respecting the numerous walks and drives in the vicinity of Cambridge, and

one, in particular, he urged her to visit on the morrow, winking all the while unintermittingly. The lady colored deeply, conceiving it nothing less than an assignation, but the General kept talking on, and playing the agreeable to the best of his abilities, till an unpleasant effluvia annoyed the olfactory nerves of the company. The lady of the house was distressed, and ordered the perfume jars to be stirred up, while the cause, in the likeness of a French lap dog, lay quietly concealed beneath one of the sofas. The General, who was anxious to relieve the embarrassment of his fair companion, putting his hand upon her arm, with a few significant winks, said, "never mind, it will soon pass over;" while the lady, enraged beyond the power of concealment, started from the sofa, and sought to hide her confusion by leaning over one of the card tables, conceiving the General had decidedly insulted her. A few days only elapsed before a card of invitation from the General to a dinner party, at his residence at Babraham, was sent, and the gentleman, who had known General Adeane

from boyhood, took the card up to his wife, who, with a heightened flush on her cheek, declared that she never would enter the General's house. Her husband was astonished and requested to know the reason, but all the satisfaction he could obtain was, that the General had grossly insulted her. This he could not believe, but as it was impossible to learn the particulars of the affair in a moment, the servant was dismissed with an assurance that an answer should be sent. Now came a serious enquiry into the cause of her indignation, and with much difficulty he gained the information he sought. To her astonishment a loud burst of laughter followed the explanation, and he assured her that she was more fastidious than any other lady in the country, at whom the General had been winking, unchecked, from his youth upwards. Had the lady been acquainted with his natural infirmity she would not have been so easily offended, but when the story became known, the laugh was so strong against the General and herself, that she regretted having ever taken notice of it.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was, in early life, deeply enamoured of a daughter of Mrs. Siddons, whose fate has been a source of sorrow to him for years, even though his spirits have been buoyed up by the friendship of some of the most eminent and exalted personages in Europe. When he first proposed for Miss Siddons, some objection was made on the score of his want of wealth, but Mr. Siddons, with true liberality, said, that as he was a young man of powerful and rising talent, there could be little doubt that he would be able to support his daughter in a comfortable if not in a splendid style; and, as he was known to be in embarrassed circumstances, offered at the same time to relieve him of his incumbrances, and desired him to send him a clear estimate of his debts, that he might be enabled to commence a married life unfettered by the pressure of adverse circumstances. When Sir Thomas collected his bills, he found the amount far greater than he had himself be-

lieved; and not to shock his intended father-in-law, by a sum total which would make his improvidence appear intolerable, he deducted five thousand pounds from the amount, little thinking that a discovery would be made of the concealment, and prove fatal to his hopes of happiness. It was, however, discovered, and Mr. Siddons, in anger, refused his consent to any further correspondence between him and his daughter. Sir Thomas was almost frantic at the fatal effects of his own folly, and did everything in his power to retrieve his error. Miss Siddons was in a pitiable state, but as he had deceived her father respecting his embarrassments, said nothing; she bore the blow as quietly as her feelings would permit her. In a few months, however, her excited and agitated feelings brought on a severe attack of illness, for which the physicians ordered her to Bristol, where her recovery soon became hopeless. Blighted affection had reduced her to the verge of the tomb, and now her parents would willingly have given up all their property to have averted the dreadful blow, which was soon likely to deprive them of a

fondly-loved child. Mr. Siddons offered to send for Sir Thomas Lawrence, and do every thing in his power to add to her comforts ; but the poor heart-broken girl only replied, “ No ; it is too late now : ” and she very shortly afterwards perished in the prime of life, the victim of thwarted love. Sir Thomas felt the bereavement exquisitely : and bitterly lamented that delicacy had tempted him to conceal an imprudent debt, which in its effects had blighted the tenderest feelings of his heart.

Sir Thomas Lawrence appears to have had an idea, that, even at the last moments of life, man is unconscious of his end ; and this inference, I think I can satisfactorily prove, by an opinion he once expressed to a friend of mine, when speaking of the late Marquis of Abercorn, whose decease the lady considered to be somewhat sudden and unexpected. “ We all looked forward to it,” said Sir Thomas, “ as an event which could not long be deferred ; but, I believe, man never thinks his end is nigh, for even, in the very agonies of death, hope sometimes deceives him.”

Few professional persons have had more powerful friends than Sir Thomas Lawrence, his talents as an artist won their admiration, and his conviviality made him a desirable acquisition to their society. There was an urbanity about him, which caused him to be beloved by all classes of society, who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and the arts have sustained a loss, in his department at least, which cannot easily be repaired.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB possessed a natural impetuosity of temper, but, notwithstanding this inherent defect, she was not devoid of nobler sentiments. She was one day in the shop of a bookseller, at the west end of the metropolis, where a superannuated dame of quality was bestowing unqualified abuse on the productions of her ladyship's pen. The curiosity of Lady Caroline for some time kept her anger within bounds, for she was one of the abuser's five hundred dear friends, but at length she could restrain her passion no longer, and openly accused her of deceit. The

lady knew not, at the moment, what to say, but acknowledged inadvertently, that she was not aware that her Ladyship was so near her. "One word of truth cancels every thing," said Lady Caroline, extending her hand, and calming her passion in an instant; "I must confess, on my part, that I ought not to have listened."

LORD ELDON.

At the time Lord Eldon relinquished the seals to Lord Erskine, he had a great number of names on his list for clerical preferment, and that of my brother-in-law was among the number, in whose favor Mr. Coutts and the late Bishop of Chichester were very active, as they had received a positive promise from Lord Eldon, that the first *desirable* vacancy should be filled up by him. The vicarage of Abbotsham, in the north of Devon, was reported to the Chancellor to be vacated by the death of the incumbent, who was a very aged man, and the last official act of Lord Eldon was to fulfil the promise he had made in favor of my relative. The presentation was accord-

ingly signed, sealed, and paid for; and, armed with full authority, the Vicar elect proceeded without delay, to be inducted to his benefice.

He arrived at Abbotsham during divine service on a Sunday morning, and supposing some clergyman had been procured to attend to the duties of the parish, remained quietly at the inn to which the post-boys had driven him, till the service was over, and then walked leisurely to the vicarage, where he was received by an elderly gentleman, who, perceiving he belonged to the cloth, treated him with great courtesy, while he, on the other hand, conceived the gentleman to be the *locum tenens* of the occasion. When he opened the business, and introduced himself as the new incumbent, who was destined to succeed the *late* Mr. Walker, a look of incredulous inquiry was the only reply to his pretensions—but when he produced the presentation, the old gentleman absolutely stood aghast with surprize. As soon, however, as he could draw his breath freely, he exclaimed, “What! do they want to take the living

from me ?—they can't take it from me !” “ It is mine, Sir,” was the reply ; “ if you examine the presentation, you will find it is too late now to cherish expectations.” The son of the old gentleman, who had been officiating for him, now entered, and his attention was instantly called to the claims of the visitor, whom he seemed willing to look upon in the light of an impostor ; but then the seal induced him to correct his mistake and he assured his visitor that there must have been some error in filling up the presentation as Mr. Walker was still living, and he hoped it would be some years before another incumbent would be enabled to fill his place. Two vicars with but *one* living between them was not exactly the thing, though many a living has but *half* a vicar, and it was now explained that the elderly gentleman was Mr. Walker the present incumbent. The situation of all parties was awkward in the extreme : no time was lost in apprizing Lord Eldon of the affair ; and he, on the authority of a letter purporting to be written by the son of the incumbent, persisted in believing Mr. Walker *was*

deceased, and desired that his presentation might be attended to. In the mean time the whole country was in an uproar ; Mr. Cleveland, the member for Taplow, wrote to Lord Eldon ; the Bishop of Chichester spoke to him on the subject in the house of Lords, but still the ex-chancellor was firm in his belief that Mr. Walker was really dead. When, on the return of the presentee to London, the whole of the proceedings were circumstantially related to his Lordship, he laughed as heartily at the mistake, as though he had not been the object of the mirth of some lover of mystification, who had fairly hoaxed the supreme head of the law, by making use of a name for that purpose to which he had no right. To add to the embarrassment of the Chancellor a kind of negotiation was, at the same time on the tapis for the purpose of securing the Vicarage of Abbotsham for the son of Mr. Walker, whenever the demise of the father should take place ; an affair in which Sir William Paxton who was, I believe, a friend of the family, took a very active part, as did also Lord Rolle. It is somewhat

singular that on Lord Eldon's return to office the first preferment in his gift was the living of Abbotsham, which was bestowed on the son of the former incumbent. It is but justice to state that Lord Eldon gave another benefice to the gentleman whom he had thus unintentionally disappointed, and Lord Erskine conferred a similar favor on him during the short time he held the seals.

SIR FRANCIS BARING.

SIR FRANCIS BARING, was a person of vast importance in the commercial world, and of some influence in the House of Commons, of which he was an opposition member; he was the particular friend of Lords Lansdowne and Ashburton, Colonel Barry, Jekyll, and many other names well known to the world, and was, though troubled with an inveterate deafness, which prevented his hearing even common conversation without the assistance of a pair of ear trumpets, constant in his attendance at St. Stephens, whenever any question of interest was before the house.

Sir Francis was an indefatigable man of

business, and what is generally termed a lucky man, for notwithstanding the immense expenditure of his establishment, and after partly portioning off a numerous family, he died worth two millions sterling. But it must be allowed he possessed more than the usual advantages of most monied men, and had the earliest intelligence from an official quarter of the proper times to buy in and sell out. Besides this friendly earwiggling from the higher powers, he was for many years the chief personage at the East India House, where, on stated days, he was constant in his attendance.

One evening on his return home from the mansion of these Princes of the mercantile world, where he had been holding a long conversation with a Mr. Metcalfe, who though in a subordinate situation, was one of his early friends, he repaired to his study determined to pass the evening in examining a quantity of private letters, which the pressure of business had prevented him from attending to at an earlier period. He had scarcely seated himself at the writing table

before the servant announced a Mr. Metcalfe, and Sir Francis having left his double appendages behind him, in his private room at the India House, desired the man to present his compliments to Mr. Metcalfe, and beg the favor of his selecting another evening for his visit, as he had left his ears behind him. The surprize of the gentleman, on the receipt of this, to him, singular message, was unequivocally betrayed, but without making any reply, he retired, and repaired to Lord Lansdowne, by whom he had been sent to Sir Francis. The first enquiry of his Lordship was, whether he had seen Baring? "No," he replied, "nor shall I give myself any further trouble respecting him," and then he repeated to his Lordship the message he had received. Lord Lansdowne being perfectly aware of the infirmity of his friend, could easily account for the deprivation of his ears, but his want of courtesy towards Mr. Metcalfe puzzled his Lordship's understanding.

In a few days Lord Lansdowne and Sir Francis met, and it then appeared that the

Mr. Metcalfe who had been treated apparently with so little courtesy, was a gentleman newly arrived from India, who had some affairs of importance to communicate with respect to the interests of the Company, and was also desirous of obtaining the advice of Sir Francis with regard to some circumstances of his own, but he mistaking the stranger for an old friend bearing the same name, had used the privilege of an old acquaintance to decline the visit, at the time it was made. Though Lord Lansdowne explained the affair as clearly as possible to Mr. Metcalfe, the latter was unwilling to subject himself to the consequences of a second mistake, till Lord Lansdowne said, "never mind Baring's lost ears, but endeavour to get at his brains."

The infirmity of Sir Francis, was, as he himself acknowledged, the probable cause of his commercial consequence, for had he been able to have enjoyed the pleasures of society, he would not have attended so closely to his business. On one occasion a workman was sent down to his country residence near Blackheath, which had formerly been the

seat of Mr. Angerstein, to arrange the bells, and when he had completed his job he respectfully requested Lady Baring to try them. Her Ladyship, who was one of those very fine ladies who do not like to be troubled on any subject not exactly connected with their own pursuits, somewhat angrily asked the man why he could not try them himself? when, to her astonishment, he pleaded his excessive deafness as an excuse. Lady Baring immediately mentioned the circumstance to Sir Francis, with an observation on the stupidity of the master in sending a deaf man to arrange bells which he could not hear the sound of. "Stupid," returned Sir Francis, "no, the master is very polite—depend on it he selected this man in compliment to me."

Sir Francis had nothing of the vanity of wealth in his nature, and very much disapproved the heartless extravagance of many persons, some of whom were perhaps richer, and others not so wealthy as himself, and on one occasion he thwarted her ladyship's wishes (she was neice to Dr. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury) who was anxious to

give a splendid entertainment in Devonshire Square, at a time of general distress. "I do not think it right, Harriet," he said, "that we should lavish hundreds in providing a few hours entertainment for those who will not even thank us for all the trouble and expence we may put ourselves to, to amuse them, when there are so many families around us literally without bread;" and, after calculating the cost of the projected festival, he forwarded the amount to the committee who had undertaken the duty of relieving the distressed, to be applied at their discretion to a better purpose, than pampering the idle and extravagant devotees of fashion.

When the celebrated Mr. Hope and his family paid a three days visit to the Barings at their seat at Beddington, Mrs. Hope appeared at dinner profusely decorated with jewels of immense value. Such expensive ornaments had always been considered as useless, and a waste of money by Sir Francis, who would not allow Lady Baring to purchase or wear any, and with great good sense he spoke to Mr. Hope on the folly of sanctioning

such unnecessary display, when only a friendly visit was intended or expected. Besides, he considered it little better than placing temptation in the way of the domestics, and warned Mr. Hope that at a country residence far apart from any neighbouring mansion, mischief might ensue, and perhaps murder be committed, before it might be possible to take means to prevent it, in consequence of so lavish a display of wealth. But though so ostentatious in the exhibition of the contents of her jewel cabinet, Mrs. Hope was by no means an extravagant woman. Lady Baring once made a morning call in Cavendish Square, and found Mrs. Hope examining the bill, and correcting the overcharge of a cobbler, who had been employed to heel and toe-piece the shoes of the younger children.

Mr. Hope having been thus incidentally introduced, has recalled to my recollection an anecdote of him, which seems a little at variance with the extravagant splendour he displayed in the furnishing and fitting up his town-mansion. When his nephew, Mr. Labou-

where married a daughter of Sir Francis Baring, he was desirous that their establishment should be formed on a very economical plan, and therefore presented them with a table service of Sheffield plate, while Sir Francis, acting on the same plan, gave them a plain carriage: "a very handsome set out," as Lady Baring sarcastically observed, "with pewter spoons and an apothecary's pill-box."

I remember hearing that when Mr. and Mrs. Hope first came to England, they were for a few days at one of the most fashionable and expensive hotels in the metropolis, and on the very first visit Lady Baring paid them after their arrival, she complained to her of the excessive demands which were continually made on her purse, and spoke of the immediate necessity of procuring some cheap *lodgment*, as she expressed it. Lady Baring related this lament to Sir Francis the same day at dinner, and he, hastily rising from table, said, "I must go and see Mr. Hope directly, or I should not be surprized if I were to hear to morrow that he had been removed

to some decent lodging at a guinea per week, and rich as he is such a proceeding would not be quite in character."

LADY HARRIET GILL.

THE beautiful and amiable Lady Harriet Gill fell a martyr to the strength of her filial affection. Her father, the Earl of Wigtoun, had always expressed a great horror of being left deserted by all his friends after death, and when the melancholy event did take place, Lady Harriet, in compliance with his often expressed wish, determined to perform the painful duty of watching the remains of her parent herself, until the time arrived for committing his body to the tomb. This tenderness and attention to the desire of one who was now insensible to her affection, proved in the end fatal to herself. By night and by day she watched the slow progress of decay, till at length the agitation of her mind, and the strength of her sorrows, rendered perhaps doubly acute by the awful occupation she had imposed on herself, brought on an incipient palsy, which never could be cured, and

was eventually the cause of her death. The strength of female affection is indeed boundless, and as Mrs. Hemans beautifully expresses it, women seem "born for love and grief." As a contrast to the above anecdote of a delicately sensible female, take the following narration of the strength of fraternal affection, which was related to the Reminiscent by a gentleman who was an eye and an ear witness to the fact.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

It may be in the recollection of many of my readers, that considerable opposition was raised to the munificent grant made to the family of Admiral Lord Nelson after his death at the battle of Trafalgar, by the ministry then ruling the destinies of Britain. Shortly after the fatal occurrence, the present Earl Nelson and his lady were invited to a kind of political dinner at Lord S———'s, where the victory, at that time the subject of general conversation, was introduced as the reigning topic. Doctor Buckner, the late Bishop of Chichester, was present, and some one of the

party remarked, that the conversation was not exactly well timed, when it was considered that the brother of the fallen hero was present. The hint was taken, and from delicacy the conversation on that subject was considered to be at an end, when to the unmixed astonishment of the company, the new fledged Earl, turning towards his helpmate, said, "Never mind the battle of Trafalgar, for it has made *me* an Earl, and *thee* a Countess." Every person present appeared surprised, but they kept their sentiments to themselves.

The ministerial reply to those who were loud in their complaints against their giving away, without any necessity, so vast a portion of the public property was, "we care not to whom we give the money: if the family of Lord Nelson were among the lowest of the population of these kingdoms, we should act precisely the same, that we might excite others to act as Lord Nelson has done"

The mention of Admiral Lord Nelson has brought to my mind an anecdote of him which, I believe, never has been printed. He was on

a visit at Mr. Beckford's mansion in Grosvenor Square, at a time of general scarcity, when persons of every rank in life denied themselves the use of that necessary article of life, bread, at dinner, and were content, for the sake of example, with such vegetables as the season afforded. Lord Nelson, however, contrary to the established etiquette, asked for bread, and was respectfully informed by one of the domestics in waiting, that in consequence of the scarcity of wheat, bread was wholly dispensed with at the dinner parties of Mr. Beckford. Lord Nelson looked angry, and desiring his own attendant to be called, he drew forth a shilling from his pocket and commanded him to go out and purchase him a loaf, for after he had fought for his bread, he thought it hard that his countrymen should deny it to him. This was egotism, and an affectation of being different to the rest of the world, and as such it was considered.

REV. JAMES SMIRNOVE.

THIS Gentleman has been for many years resident in England, as the chaplain to the

Russian Embassy, and has continued, both in time of war and peace, to reside in this, his now adopted country, where he has passed nearly half a century. When Count Wóronzow, (his first superior) was recalled by the Court of Russia, a consultation was held in the Cabinet as to the prudence of also recalling, according to etiquette, the chaplain, when the discussion was put a stop to by the Empress Catharine herself, who knew and appreciated the value of his talents, exclaiming, "No—no, let Smirnove remain where he is, for if we send for him back we have not another man in Russia with whom we could fill up his place." Mr. Smirnove is a man of very great literary talents, and has published several volumes in the English language. When the Emperor Alexander was in England he was very frequently a visitor to Mr. Smirnove, for like Catharine he had the tact to perceive and acknowledge his superior talents. Mr. Smirnove is a very handsome and pleasing man, and a lady was one day making some remarks on the grave expression of countenance which was strongly delineated in

a portrait of him, when he accounted for it, by saying, that the painter had made him appear what he ought to be.

LORD BATEMAN.

The late Lord Bateman, who was Colonel of the Herefordshire Militia, was a beau of the very first water, a perfect gem of gallantry in the old style of setting, and not a little vain of his military dignity. His regiment during the war with France and Spain a few years previous to that caused by the French Revolution, was stationed at Penryn in Cornwall, as a guard over the Prisoners of war who were confined at Gargillick, and who were thus placed between the regiment stationed at Penryn and the garrison of Pendennis Castle. Lord Bateman, had he been commander in chief of an army of occupation, could not have given himself more military consequence than he did as Colonel of a peaceable regiment of home-bred and untried warriors, till one unfortunate occurrence, which though it established his character for

courage, did not prevent his friends enjoying a laugh at his expence.

His Lordship, like other heroes of a later date, was at a public assembly at Penryn, enjoying the company of some ladies, whom he had taken under his especial protection, when a domestic called him out of the room, and announced the arrival of a messenger, who, breathless with haste, desired to have an immediate interview with him. His Lordship, whose vanity led him to suppose the minister at war had sent him dispatches of immediate import by an extraordinary courier, hastened to the apartment into which the messenger had been shewn, and urged the instant communication of his intelligence. It was given with great willingness, and was, instead of being a communication from the war-office, one from the individual himself, and to the following purport, "that a conspiracy had been formed and matured among the prisoners of war confined at Gargillick to effect their escape in a body, and that the plan was to be put in execution at a certain hour that very night. The plot had by some

means or other come to the knowledge of the narrator, who knowing his Lordship to be a brave and loyal officer, preferred giving him the intelligence to sending it to the Governor of Pendennis Castle. Lord Bateman was exceedingly gratified at this tribute paid to his military vanity, and in the excess of his gratitude for the messenger's high opinion of his warlike talents and overflowing loyalty, presented him with a *douceur* of five guineas for the important intelligence he had brought him. Not a moment was to be lost—the drums beat to arms in every direction, and Penryn was in a state of confusion. His Lordship, not to be deficient in gallantry, returned to the assembly room for a moment to spread the alarming intelligence, and inform the ladies of the dangerous duty in which he was about to be engaged: perhaps, at the moment, he saw a probability of falling in the field, “covered with glory,” but his gallantry induced him to provide instant for the security of the ladies, whom he recommended to seek safety in the cellars of the building, round which the civilians were

desired to keep guard, and consider it as the temporary head quarters. A soldier was mounted, and sent off express for further assistance, with a brief dispatch from his Lordship to Pendennis Castle, with the alarming intelligence that that fortress would probably be attacked in a few hours. Having taken as much precaution as the short time his duty would permit him to attend to, he marched off in quick time at the head of his little army for the scene of action, taking care to send a company in advance, who in case of need were to act as a skirmishing party, and keep on the defensive till the main body of this miniature army could be brought into action. In the mean time as they proceeded he and his officers were in consultation as to the position their troops should occupy—the probable ferocious desperation of the enemy they were about to contend with ; and if they failed in the desperate enterprize they had undertaken, in what glorious terms the Gazette would immortalize the handful of heroes whose valour taught them Britons were not to be deceived.

When they came in sight of the walls of the prison, to the astonishment of the advanced guard, the centinel was crying "All's well!" and this the officer commanding the advance reported without delay to his Lordship, who perceived with great satisfaction, that the attempt had not as yet been made; and, after disposing his men in the most judicious manner possible, that not a cranny by which egress could be obtained might escape their observation, a council of war was called, and the officer on duty at the prison summoned to attend and give his evidence respecting the approaching danger. To the surprize of his Lordship, he denied the existence of any conspiracy among the prisoners, whom he represented as being exceedingly quiet; and hinted, that the intelligence his Lordship had acted upon was, probably, intended merely as a piece of pleasantry. Lord Bateman, however, believed there must be some foundation for the report, as no person would have presumed to hoax the commanding officer of a regiment. With the prudence of a general who is momentarily expecting an attack, he ordered that the

soldiers should remain under arms during the night; and a wretched night it was, for the wind and the rain waged incessant warfare around them, but this his Lordship, though attired only in the light habiliments of military full dress, disregarded, and himself walked from guard to guard to see that every man was watchful in his duty, and wakeful to the impending danger. The sun was up, and the few remaining evidences of the rain of the preceding night glistening in its beams, before he considered it prudent to withdraw the troops, but as the day generally dissipates fear, and he felt himself somewhat in need of rest, he now gave the orders for the return of the regiment to quarters.

On the return of the regiment to Penryn, his Lordship was surprised to see smiling faces greeting him at every step. He fancied that on some faces he perceived something like a sarcastic sneer, but he scouted the idea, and proceeded straight in front of the assembly-rooms before he pronounced the magic word "HALT!" His own residence was within a few doors of this building, and he

began to question a solitary individual who was lounging before the house, as to what had become of the *civil guard* he had commissioned to take care of the ladies. "Become of them!" replied the fellow, with rather more than a smile, "why, gone home to bed, to be sure." "To bed!" returned his Lordship, "to bed!" "Ye-es," said the man, "and the best place too, in such a murky night as it was." "Were they aware of their danger?" reiterated his Lordship. "Danger," replied the man, indulging in an involuntary burst of laughter; "Lord bless ye! 'twas only the smugglers, and they went on as quietly as if there were no Frenchmen in England."

The truth soon came out. Some smugglers had landed a cargo of contraband goods at Falmouth, and knew not how to pass through Penryn, to that part of the country to which they were desirous of conveying their surreptitiously obtained property, without risking the search of the soldiery; and one of them, aware of Lord Bateman's military vanity, had suggested the expedient of exciting his alarm.

The event realized his expectations; and the smuggling party proceeded boldly, and without interruption, through Penryn to the place of their destination.

To those who are unacquainted with the plan of the town of Penryn, it may be necessary to observe that it consists principally of four streets, which cross each other, and that there is but one which affords a direct communication between Falmouth and Truro. In this street stood the residence of Lord Bateman, which was always guarded by double centinels, and near it was the guard-house. By their desperate, yet successful, *ruse de guerre*, they removed the only existing impediment in their way, and the inhabitants of Penryn, who had a fellow-feeling for their countrymen, saw them pass through quietly, and enjoyed the joke, by which the illicit traders had profited.

Dr. Walcot, who was at that time known only as a provincial satirist, had been in London, and arrived at Penryn, on his way to his residence at Helston, on the very day that Lord Bateman's *defeat* was the subject of

general conversation. His Lordship and Peter were sworn friends, but this did not prevent him from enjoying the mirth the circumstance occasioned. On his return to Helston, however, he found the laugh was against himself also, for a French officer on parole had seduced away not only his housekeeper, but also his favorite white horse, during his absence, and he never afterwards had any intelligence of either.

The following impromptu, said to have been written by Dr. Walcot, I quote from memory, I do not recollect ever having seen it in print. It was supposed to be a copy of part of a letter sent by Lord George Lennox, who then commanded at Plymouth, on the failure of Lord Bateman's quixotic expedition:—

“Thou hast done wonders, good my Lord,
Stretch'd forth thy limbs—unsheath'd thy sword,
To fight against a foe in air,—
Tho' deuce a one didst thou find there :
Not even a school-boy's penny rocket
Bounced against thy empty poc ket ;
No hare alarm'd thy warlike ranks,
No straying swine attack'd thy shanks,

But thou to Penryn came back free,
With all the pomp of victory,
Where, at the inn, each traveller stops,
And drinks his glass of Bateman's drops."

DR. HOWLEY,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE talents and estimable qualities of Dr. Howley have raised him to his present exalted situation. He was domestic chaplain and tutor to the sons of the late Marquis of Abercorn, and had the good fortune to gain the esteem of every person in the establishment.* A bookseller from London was down at the Priory, arranging and repairing the library, and very frequently received instructions from Dr. Howley as to the disposition of the books which he did not receive very graciously. Not disposed to endure the interference of a third person, the bookseller enquired, who that troublesome little man was; "That little

* The Marquis of Abercorn speaking to a friend of Dr. Howley's kind offices, said, "Too much cannot be done for him; he is the friend of all mankind, and I have found him a sincere one to me." This was spoken shortly after the elevation of Dr. H. to the See of London.

man," replied the servant, "is the great man in this house. He is the universal regulator of every thing, and the peace-maker in every instance."

LIBERALITY OF SENTIMENT.

During the time Lord Erskine held the seals, a clergyman who was afflicted with an incurable disorder, and burthened with a numerous family, who at his death were likely to be left unprovided for, addressed a pathetic letter to his Lordship, in which he depicted the misery of his own situation, and at the same time pointed out the manner in which it was in the power of his Lordship, to render the remainder of his days happy, and this was simply by promising the reversion of the living of which he was the incumbent to his son, whom, with great difficulty, he had brought up to the clerical profession.

Though those church-livings which are nominally in the presentation of Ministers, are generally considered to be entirely at their own disposal, the case is far otherwise. They are importuned on all sides, by those whom

they are compelled to oblige, and Lord Erskine, strange as it may appear, had not the power to present his own son to the best living which fell vacant during his Chancellorship, because he received a command to bestow it on the protegee of a Princess. The letter of the clergyman, to which I have alluded above, made a deep impression on the feelings of Lord Erskine. He knew, as the benefice was a good one, if it was vacant he should not be allowed to follow the impulse of his own feelings, and he also knew, that even should he be out of office at the time of the present incumbent's death, his written promise would be held sacred, for it is a point of honour for one Minister to fulfil the *written* promise of his predecessor; and should he be in power, it would prevent him from being importuned to give it to another person.

Anxious to afford the afflicted clergyman even the slightest alleviation of his mental sufferings, his first occupation on the following morning, was to make the promise he had been so urgently requested to do, and as soon as he had sealed the letter, his servant was dispatched

with it to the Post Office. "I would not even trust myself," said his Lordship, "to delay the letter for half an hour, as political considerations might have compelled me to change my mind ; and had I mentioned the circumstance to any of my colleagues, they would not only have laughed at me for throwing away a trifling interest, but, perhaps, have thought themselves ill used, because they were not asked, whether they had any friend they were desirous of providing for."

The living was given to the son of the gentleman, whose "plain unvarnished tale" had wrought upon the feelings of the Chancellor. Lord Thurlow was the only Chancellor I ever heard of, who had the spirit to act as he thought best himself, and, to avoid the importunities of the illustrious and the interested, the moment he knew a living was vacant he filled up the presentation without delay.

When Lord Erskine was a lieutenant in the army, his regiment was stationed at Guernsey, of which island General Johnstone was, at that time, the Governor. A young man, who

was a native of Guernsey, had deserted from his regiment, and was sentenced by a Court Martial to be shot. The sentence of the Court was approved of by the King, and the warrant ordering his execution was forthwith transmitted to General Johnstone, allowing also a certain number of days to intervene before the execution was to take place, which concession had been procured through the intercession of the friends of the condemned man, united with the representations of the principal inhabitants of the island. Shortly after the dispatch had arrived at the residence of the Governor, Lieutenant Erskine met Lady Cecilia Johnstone on the parade, who, in reply to his enquiries after her health, informed him, that she was very unhappy respecting the unfortunate young man, whose sentence had been confirmed by the King, and that now every hope which had been indulged by his friends must be cruelly disappointed. Mr. Erskine enquired what time was to elapse before the execution took place, and her ladyship having informed him, to the best of her knowledge, he took his watch from

his pocket, and, after a few minutes calculation, said, "there is still time to make another effort." He immediately ordered a boat to be in readiness, obtained the permission of the Governor to proceed to London, and, without a moment's delay, set forth on an errand of mercy. The Prince was his friend, and to him he repaired the instant he arrived in the metropolis. The tale he told interested His Royal Highness in favor of the condemned man, and participating in the sentiments of Mr. Erskine, he forthwith sought an audience of his Majesty, George the Third, and obtained the mercy he solicited. Mr. Erskine scarcely staid to thank his illustrious friend, and proceeded, without resting again, towards Guernsey.

When his boat reached the shore, the melancholy sounds of the muffled drum met his ear; the military were preparing for the awful spectacle they were about to assist at, and every countenance bore the impress of sorrow. No time was to be lost, Mr. Erskine knew that the fatal moment was rapidly approaching, and with the utmost speed proceeded to the

Governor's residence, to whom, with feelings of the most anxious excitation, he delivered the pardon he had so opportunely obtained. It was received by all with pleasure,—a buzz of approbation ran through the line of troops that were awaiting the order to march, and soon reached the guard-room, where the prisoner was in momentary expectation of being summoned to meet an awful and untimely end, and taking his last farewell of those who were dearest to him on earth. The exclamations of the centinels without seemed to him but as a cruel mockery of his distress, and he could not bring himself to believe that a pardon had arrived, till Mr. Erskine, accompanied by the captain of the guard, entered, and informed him that it was indeed true. The friends of the condemned man, now satisfied that their relative was safe, and learning from the officer that his pardon had been obtained through the intercession of Mr. Erskine, fell at his feet, and with tears of joy, expressed their gratitude to him, for the service he had so generously rendered them; while the poor culprit himself clung to his hand, and, unable to

utter a sentence, gazed wistfully at him, as if half afraid to give credit to the intelligence he had so unexpectedly received. "I scarcely know how I felt," said Lord Erskine, from whom I had this anecdote, "I was happy and sorrowful, and so bewildered that I scarcely knew where I was. When I got into the open air, I gasped for breath; and never, before or since, did I experience such a sensation, as that which thrilled my frame at that moment."

DOCTOR STODDART.

DOCTOR STODDART, who was some few years since the Editor of "*The New Times*," was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and was always considered to be a very clever and promising young man. Dr. Barrington, Bishop of Durham, happened, during the residence of Mr. Stoddart at the University, to pay a visit of a few days to his friend Dr. Stinton, the principal of Exeter College, who was not only a very learned man, but the friend of most of the dignitaries of the church, and among them of Drs. Porteus of London,

and Manners Sutton, of Canterbury. In his progress through the College, the attention of Dr. Barrington was attracted by some beautifully executed drawings, which had been left on a table in the College library, and he enquired the name of the artist. This question Dr. Stinton readily answered, and spoke so highly of the talents of Mr. Stoddart, that the Bishop expressed a desire to be introduced to him, which request was immediately complied with, and he was so pleased with the manners and conversation of Mr. Stoddart, that he enquired of his friend the parentage and circumstances of the young man. Dr. Stinton who was very partial to Mr. Stoddart replied that he was the son of a Navy Officer in Hampshire, and he believed it was with some difficulty that his family were enabled to allow him to continue at College. The Bishop became interested in his welfare, and intimated to Dr. Stinton, that he had no objection to take him immediately under his protection. This offer was of course joyfully accepted, and after his College education was completed, he found a home at [the

Bishop's. Dr. Barrington, I believe, never wished him to follow the clerical profession, but rather to pursue the bent of his natural talents: he loved him with the affection of a father, and was deeply grieved when political opinions opened a schism which eventually put an end to their friendship. Dr. Stoddart, more perhaps from enthusiasm than conviction, had imbibed the principles of the French Revolutionists, and became one of the most violent democrats of the day; even at the Bishop's table he had not the prudence to conceal his sentiments, and though he for a long time shut his ears to the violent harangues of his protegee, he was at length compelled to tell him that if he persisted in giving utterance to such opinions, he must be under the necessity of withdrawing his patronage. At this time Mr. Stoddart was too far gone in democracy, to perceive that it was time to ask common sense the question of expediency: he grew more violent in his opinions—translated such German works as bore a reference to his favorite subject, and at length became so great an advocate for

liberty and equality, that Dr. Barrington was compelled totally to give him up. After this Mr. Stoddart wrote the leading article for "*The Times*" newspaper, was a strong advocate for political reform, and had every mark and sign of the man of the people. On his accession to the Editorship of "*The New Times*," however, his political opinions underwent a thorough reformation, and he became a monarchy man in the fullest sense of the word. This change, I believe, contributed greatly to his interest, but it may be a question, whether he might not have done better for himself, by listening to the advice of his first liberal patron?

LORD BYRON.

At the time Lord Byron was suitor to Miss Chaworth, he was at Matlock with that lady and their Chancery guardian, Mr. White, accompanied by the two sisters of that gentleman. Lord Byron gave at that period no indication of his future fame, but appeared rather to have an antipathy to any thing in the shape of a book, nay even a newspaper,

which he declared was not worth any sensible man's wasting his time in perusing. Though he was at that time the very shadow of Miss Chaworth, he could not enter into, nor harmonize with that gaiety of heart by which she was distinguished. Dancing he detested, and a smile of disdain would sometimes curve his lip when he perceived invalids, on whose cheeks the hectic bloom of consumption was but as the herald of dissolution, mingling with the gay throng who passed the night tripping

“ On the light fantastic toe.”

During the few days of the sojourn of the party at Matlock, the general impression was unfavorable to Lord Byron, who assumed a degree of hauteur and cold reserve towards all the company at the New Bath, which they did not consider it necessary to submit to, while Miss Chaworth, on the contrary, was all affability.

It was during this tour that Mr. Musters, the favored lover of Miss Chaworth, pursued them from place to place, to the great annoy-

ance of Lord Eldon, who in virtue of the power invested in him as guardian of the lady's person and property, wrote to Mr. Musters to inform him that if he presumed to hold communication, or contract a marriage with Miss Chaworth, he would prosecute him to the utmost extent of the law. It should have been premised that Lord Byron was the husband who was selected by authority to make her happy, but Miss Chaworth had her own inclinations to gratify, and selected Mr. Musters in opposition to legal opinions. The letter written by Lord Eldon to Mr. Musters, fell into the hands of Miss Chaworth, who with the most decided intrepidity replied to his Lordship, "you shall never have the power to prosecute Mr. Musters, my Lord; I will wait untill I am of age, and then your power ceases."

Lord Byron certainly gave evidences of affection towards Miss Chaworth, and when the arrival of Mr. Musters at Matlock was announced, his anxiety to quit was too visible to pass unnoticed, and it was an invariable rule with the party not to remain a moment

longer than they were compelled to do in any place, after they were assured of the arrival of Mr. Musters. To Miss Chaworth these proceedings were alike unpleasant and inconvenient, as it prevented her from enjoying such society as she met with in their tour, and was a bar to her holding even a momentary *tete a tete* with the man of her choice. However, there is no possibility of preventing communication when a lady resolves to indulge her own "dear delightful will," and she contrived always to leave a billet behind her, in the charge of some lady, to inform him whither they had winged their flight to elude his presence.

Mr. Coutts was one day speaking of Miss Chaworth and her rival lovers, and alluding to the speculations of either party, remarked that he should not be surprized if she were to die and disappoint them both. On being asked why he indulged such an opinion, he replied, "my reason is a feasible one. Sir Francis Burdett would, on the demise of Miss Chaworth before she comes of age, be entitled to a considerable share of her property,

and as he has had several of these God-sends already, I am certain that if I were placed in her situation I should only expect death to close my minority, that he might enjoy the proceeds of my guardian's economy.

Perhaps no man has had more reason to complain of the censoriousness of the world than Lord Byron, and perhaps no man ever gave them more ample means of indulging this propensity. But there are many unremembered acts of kindness which have found no historian; his Lordship was too liberal to mention them, and those on whom he conferred benefits, too proud to acknowledge the favor. One I have the power to record. The widow of an officer, who by a second marriage had forfeited her pension, was by the death of her second husband left without any provision, and a young family wholly dependant on her exertions for support. Reduced to extreme distress, and driven nearly to desperation by the pressure of affliction; she called on Lord Byron, who then resided, if I mistake not, in the Albany, and stated her situation. He listened to her with attention,

and without waiting to enquire whether her statement was correct or not, he immediately presented her with a draft for thirty pounds. He *then* asked her for a reference, which he received, and when he found from the gentleman to whom he was referred that her case was a pitiable one, he kindly placed a second donation in his hands, which he requested might be forwarded to her through him, without any notice being taken from whence it came.

COLONEL DENHAM.

COLONEL DIXON DENHAM, whose intrepidity was at once the foundation of his fortune and the cause of his untimely end, gave early proof of that bold and fearless spirit which so prominently distinguished his brief career.

The son of worthy and exemplary parents, Colonel Denham had every reason to be grateful for the blessings of Heaven, and they were as proud of the rising talents of their son, who as a youth was remarkable for that quickness of perception and strength of

intellect which marked his course through life. When he was about the age of fourteen he had not had the small pox : his father, a strictly religious man, had a great objection to vaccination and inoculation, which he conceived little better than anticipating the will of the Omnipotent, but the risque Dixon ran of being infected with this pestilential scourge was a continual source of uneasiness to his mother, though she did not oppose the wishes of her husband.

One morning a lady, who was an old friend of the family, called on them, and in the course of conversation, mentioned that her children were confined with the small pox, but as it was of a very favorable kind they were doing well, and likely to be restored to convalescence even in a shorter time than she had ventured to anticipate. During this conversation Dixon was present, but made not a single remark on the subject. The next morning he went to Deptford, where the lady resided, saw the children, shook hands and played with them, and in the evening returned home. He now mentioned to his

mother the visit he had made, and requested her to give him some medicine, for he felt satisfied that he had caught the infection: The result justified his suspicions—the disorder took a favorable turn, and his fine open countenance was uninjured.

His appearance and manners were at that time so prepossessing, that a gentleman of acknowledged talents, who had several opportunities of seeing him during his calls on a lady who was visiting at Mr. Denham's, was struck with his abilities, and conceiving him to be a youth of great promise, he proposed to take him under his own protection. After some consideration this proposition was agreed to, and Dixon accompanied Mr. W—— to his seat near Salisbury, where he soon became immersed in Parliamentary and other affairs, perhaps somewhat too triste for an ardent and aspiring mind. Unfortunately, however, death soon deprived him of a patron under whose protection he would most probably have obtained distinction without being exposed to the "perils of field and flood."

As an officer and a man, Colonel Denham

was exemplary. Had his life been spared, from his activity and enterprizing spirit much valuable information respecting the interior of Africa would have been obtained, but at an age when the exertion of his faculties promised the most brilliant results, he was prematurely destined to meet the fate of too many of his predecessors at that "home of the pestilence" Sierra Leone.

LAST AND EARLY DAYS OF

DR. WALCOT.

It is a lamentable fact that some persons; even at the very close of existence, perceive not the necessity of making some atonement for a long neglect of the duties of religion, and are even displeased at having the probability of life's speedy termination suggested to them by their dearest friends. Doctor Walcot was of this caste. Though *once* a clergyman of the Established Church, he had apparently little sense of religion, and still less of the awful terrors of a future state. For some time previous to his decease he resided at Montgomery's Gardens, Sommer's Town,

of which, in consequence of the recent improvements, not a vestige now remains, with the exception of the house. His eyesight had entirely failed him, though he had submitted to an operation, which was performed by Sir William Adams, in the hope of saving one eye; as he remarked "a rush-light was better than no light at all." In this situation he was compelled to have recourse to the aid of others to read his letters to him, and one of the daughters of the person in whose house he lodged, generally performed this friendly office for him.

During his last illness, when conscience, whose

" —voice sounds like a Prophet's word,"

might have been supposed to have held some influence over the passions of a man worn down by the weight of years, his fair secretary delivered into his hands a large sealed packet, which, she informed him, had been left with an injunction that it might instantly be delivered into his hands, by a gentleman in black, who left word that he would call again.

“ Open it, my dear,” said the Doctor, “ and let us hear what it is.” It proved to be a long and closely-written exhortation to an amendment of life, and a preparation for futurity, which some well meaning person had sent, to awaken the dormant recollections of the satirist, and urge him to consider that his period of time was quickly approaching the verge of eternity. The reader had not more than half waded through this prolix epistle, when the patience of Dr. Walcot, who liked not the reflections which had been thus called forth from their hiding-place, interrupted her in the task she had undertaken in compliance with his request, and exclaimed, with all the impetuosity of wrathful feeling, “ Burn it—burn it—I will not hear a word more—put it in the fire directly, and tell the fellow in black if he comes here again, to go about his business. He may be the Devil, for aught I know, and he shall not catch me so easily.”

Though in the earlier part of his life liberality was not a prominent trait in his character, in his latter years suffering seemed to give an impulse to charitable feelings, and he was

ready to give his mite to any one whom he was told stood in need of assistance. He was indeed, a singular character, one of those strange compositions of wit and folly which serve rather to excite wonder than to command respect.

In Cornwall he was dreaded, for the severity of his satirical squibs had pressed sorely on the heads of friends and foes. Many of these effusions have never been in print, though manuscript copies are not rare. As a specimen of his election squibs, take the following verses from a ballad which was circulated industriously at Fowey, when Lord Shouldham was a candidate for the representation of that immaculate borough. The then Sheriff of the County was a very pompous, and said also to be a parsimonious man, and Peter knowing his weak-side, attacked him at once with severity and success.

“ There’s the Sheriff, the great Mr. C—t,
Whose prudence, let nobody mock it,
Makes him snuff all the candles himself,
And put all the ends in his pocket.

These a woman, for charity, begg'd,
 But nought could the heart of the man turn;
 Though too short for the parlour, he said,
 They would do special well for the lantern.

The Doctor was particularly fond of interposing in election disputes, and when the representation of the Borough of Truro was likely to be contested, by a difference between the two patrons, Lord Falmouth, and Sir Francis Basset, (now Lord De Dunstanville) he went down from London to aid and assist in fomenting party dissensions. To the Borough of Truro he bore an inveterate hatred; by the Corporation he had been prosecuted, and heavily fined, for a libel on the members of that august body, and in consequence of the sentence passed on him for the uncurbed exercise of his vein of pleasantry, he had been obliged to beat a retreat from his native county. His visit, therefore, was not a political proceeding, for he went with the laudable intention of endeavoring to set both parties together by the ears, and to pick up materials for making each the subject of ridicule. This to a man

who was on the look out for every thing likely to serve his turn, and found it easy to obtain the particulars of the conversations, expectations, and, we may add, heart-burnings of the municipality, was not difficult.

Both the patrons of the Borough of Truro, were anxious to insure the goodwill of the Corporation, and each, as the surest way of conciliating parties, invited them en masse, not to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," but to a sumptuous entertainment. A circumstance which took place at Sir Francis Bassett's gave his genius full scope. The municipality had gone thither on the strength of the invitation, and as Tehiddy was at too great a distance from Truro, for them to return, with any comfort to themselves, after the enjoyment of an election dinner, the whole party took their nightcaps in their pockets, in the firm belief that the beds were already prepared and aired for their accommodation,

The dinner which was served up at the table of Sir Francis on this important occasion, was truly "fit for an alderman," but though the pinery at Tehiddy was perhaps the finest

in the county, not a glimpse of that delicious fruit was to be seen at dessert. Nor was the hostess visible. Lady Basset was a very fine lady, who had a decided aversion to Borough-mongers and Cornish boors, and therefore dined out to accommodate Sir Francis at home, or rather to spare herself the trouble of being civil to those she could not hold communion with consistently with her own ideas of dignity. This was a sore mortification to the electors of Truro, but they were on this occasion doomed to meet with another, which they had not the most distant anticipation of. No invitation to remain there during the night was given, and after many a flask was emptied, and their heads as light as wine could make them, they were obliged to take a parting glass and proceed in a body homewards. The *denouement* was the next day given in detail to Dr. Walcot, who found in the occurrence a rare opportunity of trimming the corporation.

Among the municipality was Dr. Cardew, one of the principal magistrates of the county, and a celebrated schoolmaster, under

whose tuition most of the Cornish persons of any note have been placed. Though a very clever man, he was not entirely *intellectual*, but had an appetite for more substantial fare, and liked "creature comforts" as much as his less enlightened colleagues. To lose so excellent an opportunity of paying off old debts, Peter was not inclined, and I am sorry that my memory does not serve me with the entire ballad he composed on the occasion, but after depicting the astonishment of the party who were thus expelled from a festive board to seek repose wherever they best might please, he mentions the confusion of Dr. Cardew, who, in the exuberance of his wrath, mistakes one necessary article of convenience for another:

- "And poor Parson Cardew, with rage nearly cracking,
Blew his nose on his nightcap instead of his nacking."*

However angry the municipality might be at being thus turned into ridicule by an enemy they had previously defeated, they had no

* The Cornish term for a pocket handkerchief.

other remedy than "patience under affliction" to ameliorate their mortifications, and that virtue the satirist put most severely to the test.

The value of a vote for the Borough of Truro, when the voters on either side are equal, may be conjectured from the following circumstance. The rival patrons whose exertions in favor of their respective candidates had been incessant were completely posed by the knowledge that of the thirteen members of the municipality, six had declared in favor of one party, and six for the other.

The absent member of the Corporation was General Mac Cormick, and a negotiation was about to be entered into between the patrons to decide the dispute in favor of one party, with a promise that the retiring candidate should be returned for another Borough. At this crisis the regiment of General Mac Cormick landed from Jamaica, where their period of duty had expired, and he, knowing the importance which would be attached to his presence at Truro, proceeded directly

thither, and arrived just in time to give the casting vote. The hopes and fears of both parties were roused by his arrival, and from either side he received professions of friendship and patronage. The General did say that a cheque, by some means or other, found its way to his sideboard—but this not being exactly what he desired, he contrived to set aside the claims of both the candidates, and got himself elected in their stead,

Dr. Walcot was a man of somewhat lax principles, and after receiving a severe reproof for the vulgarity of his attachments, he all at once attempted to play Petrarch, and wrote sonnets to Delia, whom he described as a beautiful widow; but as no person could ever learn who this sybil was, she was most probably nothing more than a creation of his own imagination.

Mrs. Billington, Madame Mara, and persons of their caste, formed the society in which he delighted to unbend. They were not so fastidious as the company with which his pride induced him to mix publicly, and with them he could take those liberties which in

higher society were not so quietly tolerated, though he was not very particular as to the rudeness and roughness of his remarks, to those who did not happen exactly to tally with his taste.

When Dr. Walcot first began to publish his satires they went off, as the booksellers said, very slowly, but after two or three had made their way in the world, Kearsley made him an offer for the next manuscript he had prepared for the press. This the Doctor thought proper to accept. "Give me any thing," he exclaimed, "any thing you please : to think that my poor squibs should bring money is more than I can credit." The work thus published had a rapid circulation, and Kearsley made him a higher offer for another. "No, no," replied Peter, "I am in the secret now as well as you are ;" and he very shortly made terms which were quite as much in his own favor, as in that of the publisher.

When he was in treaty with the booksellers for the publication of a complete edition of his works, the finesse with which he con-

ducted the negotiation was worthy of a diplomatist. It was winter, and the weather cold and foggy : the Doctor had a very bad cough, and to increase it he was accustomed to walk from his own residence to the place of meeting, and scarcely allowed himself to be seated before he asked for brandy, of which he partook so copiously that it appeared almost a certainty his period of life would be but of a brief date, and with this conviction they consented to allow him a very handsome annuity ; for a man who had so violent a cough, and such a propensity to drink brandy, could not possibly claim it long. The bargain was struck, the proper securities given, and with the spring the Doctor's cough vanished, as with the possession of the securities did his propensity to swallow unmixed brandy.

There was always a sort of self-congratulation in the Doctor's countenance and manners, when he related the successful termination of this treaty, and he always averred that every time he went to take his annuity, he expected to hear the bell toll for those from whose pockets it proceeded, as he knew

mortification had taken place, in consequence of his living so many years longer than they had anticipated.

A Mr. Daniel, of Lyme, in Dorsetshire, who was a young man of extraordinary corpulence, and remarkable for his appetite, had an instinctive dread of coming in contact with Dr. Walcot, but as he formed a fine subject, as he expressed it, for his "crumbs of wit," he found it impossible to escape the lash of his satire, and he thus addressed him:—

"Daniel, thou fattest of all men,
Hadst thou been in the Lions' den,
Tho' they had let thee dine and sup,
Thou sure hadst eat the Lions up."

One of the liberal maxims of Dr. Walcot, who was an able *raconteur* himself, and not very particular as to the veracity of the tales he related, as long as they produced mirth, was, whenever a story is told which seems to exceed the bounds of probability, always to assure your auditors that you were yourself an eye and ear witness to the fact. This he

generally practised himself, and therefore knew the value of such an assertion, though he was one of the last persons in the world to permit such an insult to be offered to his own understanding.

He was sometimes very severe on writers whose merits he envied, and particularly on the beautiful commencement of Addison's Cato. "The dawn is overcast, &c." "Punch gives the idea," said the Doctor, "in a happier and much plainer manner, when he says, 'a hazy morning, Master Noah.'"

Dr. Walcot deserves the thanks of the admirers of the fine arts, for introducing the talents of Opie to the public. He discovered his genius by accident; happening to take shelter from a shower of rain in a cottage, he found the walls sketched over in all directions with humble attempts in charcoal of a likeness of the mistress, who was the mother of Opie, and one attempt, that of his parent sleeping, excited his attention so much, that he desired to see the youth, and perhaps anticipating his future fame, took him at once under his protection, and taught him the rudiments of

the art. The Doctor was himself a respectable artist, and his pupil's progress certainly did honor to his instructions.

RIGHT HON. SPENCER PERCIVAL.

Mr. PERCIVAL was an exceedingly amiable and domestic man, and felt that the time he was compelled to devote to the duties of his official situation, was a deprivation of many hours of happiness, which he might otherwise have enjoyed in the society of his family. He was once complaining to a friend of this deprivation, and remarked, that were it not for the duty he owed his children, he would retire from public life altogether, and pass his days according to his own ideas of happiness. This was shortly before the melancholy catastrophe took place, which deprived his children of an affectionate father. As a husband he was exemplary ; and when separated from his family, he never allowed a day to pass without communicating with them by letter : however heavy his political engagements might be his family were foremost in his thoughts.

The scene in the House of Lords, when the

intelligence of his assassination was brought to the members (five only were present) was painful. Lord Liverpool, alarmed and agitated, was attacked with a violent hysterical affection; and Lord Eldon, who first recovered the power of speech, enquired of the Bishop of Chichester, whether it would not be prudent to give orders for the doors to be locked. "If it is not too late;" replied the Prelate. The consternation was so great, that their Lordships scarcely considered their own heads to be in safety, and as Mr. Percival, who had so many amiable qualities to recommend him to the generosity even of an infuriated mob, had fallen a victim, they had not an idea but that they were also marked out for a similar fate.

The bent of the human disposition is frequently discovered better by trifling circumstances, than by affairs of greater consequence. and Mr. Percival in the characters of a husband and father, cannot be better delineated than in the subsequent proof of his attention, even to what he conceived might be the wishes of his wife. Between two and three o'clock

in the morning the resident curate of St. Giles, was called from his bed by Mr. Percival, who after apologizing for disturbing him, requested that he would do him the favor to go with him to Lincoln's Inn Fields, for the purpose of baptizing a child which was newly born, and whose life was considered to be exceedingly precarious. The request was, of course, instantly acceded to, and the clergyman accompanied him in his carriage. On their way, Mr. Percival remarked, that though he had no doubt himself as to the happiness of the infant, whether it died within or without the pale of the church, Mrs. Percival, perhaps, might not be so well satisfied; and, therefore, for the purpose of preventing her from feeling any uneasiness respecting the future state of the child, he had taken the liberty of calling him up, that she might be assured the accustomed ceremonies of the church had been complied with. There was a delicacy and feeling in this, which spoke volumes in favor of Mr. Percival.



BENEFICIAL ADVICE.

Mr. RUSHWORTH, a younger brother of a highly respectable family, after finishing his education at college, entered the army, and was with his regiment in the Isle of Wight, where he became very intimate with Mr. afterwards Lord Holmes; who, one day, in conversation enquired why he did not make his fortune by marriage. Mr. Rushworth, who was a very handsome man, and gallant to an excess, (so much so that he actually submitted to have a tooth extracted, that Miss Trefusis, who was suffering with the tooth-ache, and would not submit to the operation, until she had seen it performed on another person, might have the demonstration she desired,) replied, that he had not as yet taken that subject into consideration; and Mr. Holmes, by way of exciting his attention more particularly, advised him to run away with the daughter of one of his neighbours, who was very rich, and to whose property she was the heiress. Mr. Rushworth promised to give the

conversation due consideration, and as the idea had been started by his friend, he did not see why he might not profit by the hint he had received.

The lady to whom he was thus urged to propose, was rich, handsome, and an only child; but Mr. Holmes had also an only daughter, who was still lovelier, and heiress to greater wealth; and Mr. Rushworth thought as he had determined to follow the advice of his friend, he might at the same time follow the dictates of his own inclination, and therefore he took the first opportunity of speaking to Miss Holmes on the subject of love. She heard him complacently, and consented to receive his addresses, though Mr. Holmes had not the least suspicion that he was following his advice so closely. In a short time, the young lady learned from her lover, the scheme which had been suggested by her father, and as he urged her to put it in execution, she saw no harm in consenting to take a trip to Gretna with him, instead of allowing the lady her father had so kindly recommended to him as a travelling companion, to

fill up a seat in a post-chaise; and every preliminary having been arranged, and their passage to Southampton secretly secured, Miss Holmes feigned indisposition at the dinner-hour, and while the family were partaking of this meal, guided by her lover, she had reached the packet-boat, and was on her way to Southampton.

In the evening, as Miss Holmes did not make her appearance, her mother retired from the company to attend to the wants and wishes of her daughter,—but no daughter was to be found or heard of; and, in the first moment of alarm, she hastened to inform Mr. Holmes of her fears. He was a man of very strong sense, and, for the first time, suspecting the truth, he sent messengers in every direction to seek Mr. Rushworth. The search was in vain: Mr. Holmes was satisfied what turn matters had taken, and without a moment's delay took boat and followed them to Southampton.

Miss Holmes was not above seventeen, and very girlish-looking of her age, though exceedingly handsome. It was her custom to

take a ride daily, in company with the friends and numerous visitors of the family ; and, on the morning of her elopement, she had, as usual, taken leave of her mother, with her general salutation of, " Good bye, I am going to ride out with Rush. and the rest." During this ride the arrangement was made, and Mr. Holmes now perceived that his advice had not been thrown away on his young friend.

The fugitives reached London without opposition, but owing to the obstinacy of Miss Holmes, who protested she would not stir a step further, until a regimental habit was made for her, their progress was interrupted by the arrival of her father, who had traced them closely from stage to stage, and eventually obtained, by the garrulity of his tailor, of whom the habit had been ordered by some unaccountable chance, a clue to their temporary retreat in the metropolis.

The scene between Mr. Holmes and Rushworth was not of that description which generally takes place at the first meeting of the opposite parties on similar occasions. Neither of the gentlemen could help smiling,

and Rushworth, first breaking silence, said, "I have only followed your advice." "I acknowledge it," replied Mr. Holmes, "but hear me, Rushworth, you have taken away my daughter, and must either return or proceed: the decision rests with yourself. If you persist in marrying her now, not one shilling shall ever be yours or hers—if you will take her back, and wait twelve months longer, she shall be your wife with my free consent." The latter proposition was instantly agreed to, and the party proceeded together to the Isle of Wight.

From this time Mr. Holmes took the future fortune of his intended son-in-law in his own hands, for he promised at the moment Rushworth agreed to oblige him by returning with his daughter to her paternal home, that he would immediately place him in a situation, which would justify his marriage with his daughter in the eyes of the world. All that Rushworth wanted to render him a desirable connection for any family was fortune, and this objection Mr. Holmes took care instantly to remove. He caused him, in the first instance,

to be returned as the member for Newport, but as it was known that previously to his entering on a military life, he had been in Deacon's orders, and as "the infectious hand of a Bishop had passed over him," as Horne Tooke remarked of himself on a similar occasion, his return was petitioned against, and it was decided that it was an effectual bar to his ever taking his seat among the collective wisdom of the nation. This, though a provoking occurrence was of slight consequence, for Mr. Holmes was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the island. He did not wish Mr. Rushworth to continue his military career, and therefore his commission was instantly given up, and he lived almost entirely with the family of his future father-in-law, considering time unusually tardy in his progress, till the appointed period arrived for his marriage.

Mr. Holmes kept his word, and established them in an elegant style at Freshwater. A better, or more exemplary husband than Mr. Rushworth never existed, and though, as he acknowledged, he should not have presumed

to have indulged the most distant idea of proposing himself to Miss Holmes, had not the probability of success been forced upon him by her father's friendliness towards his neighbour, neither party had the slightest reason to regret the giving or taking beneficial advice, for Mr. Holmes had the felicity of knowing that his daughter was happy, and Rushworth a man that did honor to her choice.

Probably it was fortunate for Mr. Rushworth that his progress towards Scotland was interrupted, for though Mr. Holmes had recommended his carrying off his neighbour's daughter, he might not have been so well pleased at finding his own child irrevocably placed beyond his power, without his consent having previously been solicited and obtained.

CAPTAIN CROKER.

CAPTAIN CROKER of the 99th regiment, author of a volume of travels in Spain and Portugal, which countries he visited in con-

sequence of the vessel in which he was proceeding with his regiment to one of the West India Islands, being captured by the French and Spanish combined Fleets, was at one period of his service ordered into Wales, on one of the most unpleasant duties in which it is possible for a military man to be engaged. The military Impress Act was at that time in full force, and accompanied by a serjeant, and the usual recruiting train, he proceeded to Wales on a mission painful to his feelings, obnoxious to the people, and one which gave no promise of proving a pleasant expedition. As a soldier, however, he dared not disobey his orders, though he felt a repugnance to execute them, and he was stationed at Llandilo, where, contrary to his expectations, he was received by the magistracy with politeness; but they frankly told him they would not render him any assistance, though they were enjoined to do so by the higher powers. They considered the proceeding unconstitutional and uncalled for: it was, in fact, a conscription, and, perhaps, a trial of how far the ministry might safely tempt the patience

of the poorer portion of the population of the country.

Pursuing a mild and judicious method of fulfilling the orders he had received, he only compelled the services of such young men, as, in the opinion both of himself and the magistrates, would rather be benefitted than injured by an exchange of situation. The serjeant who was continually on the look out for able-bodied men, to swell the list of his Majesty's military retainers, came to Captain Croker one morning with the intelligence that there was a fine young man fit for service at a cottage in the neighbourhood, and he conceived if he would speak to him himself, he might be induced to enrol his name among the list of recruits, without the necessity of using coercion. On the strength of this information the Captain accompanied the party. The door of a neat little cottage stood open, and within it a pretty young woman was plying her needle, while a very elderly female, who appeared to be the grandmother, was playing with two beautiful children, the eldest of whom was not above four years old. The

moment the inmates perceived that their habitation was visited by a party of military, they threw themselves on their knees before the officer, and began crying and complaining bitterly in the Welch language, of which he did not understand a sentence, though he perfectly understood the cause of their lamentations and supplications. To take a young man away from his wife and family he would never have consented, and it was evident the serjeant had been misinformed on the subject. Perceiving that the men were going towards a barn at a little distance in which the young man was thrashing, he called them back, and leaving a trifling gift in the hands of one of the children, withdrew his soldiers, rejoicing that his orders had given him a discretionary power, and that he was not compelled to inflict misery on a whole family.

Lord Barrington was at that time Secretary at War, and a nobleman of exceedingly liberal sentiments. To him he, therefore, submitted a statement of the evils attendant on this new system of military discipline, and gave it as his opinion that the act itself was

more likely to injure the service than to be in the slightest degree beneficial to it, while at the same time he presented a memorial praying, that, in his own particular case, he might be allowed to return to the county of Cornwall, (from whence he had been ordered on this service,) where he was well known, and had passed a vast number of recruits, as he was convinced he could be of more use there in enlisting men with their own free-will, than by using compulsion in Wales. As far as his own request was concerned it was immediately attended to, and in a letter of Lord Barrington's, which I have now before me, he wrote that he perfectly coincided in the sentiments expressed by Captain Croker, and he had little doubt that a duty so repulsive to the feelings of an officer would, in a short time, be dispensed with, and that he would not fail to represent in the proper quarter, the odium which a perseverance in such a system must inevitably bring on the army. In a few months the measure was given up altogether.

MADAME MARA.

MADAME MARA had a knack of saying saucy things, and more than policy would warrant any public performer in giving utterance to. But she was surrounded by those who for the sake of enjoying her vocal talents, were liberal minded enough to endure her impertinence with patience. She was once asked by a lady of rank, who had been her pupil, and whom she had chid for her refusing to sing before a large party, how she managed to evince so little diffidence in appearing before the public, even in a new opera. "The case is simply this," replied Mara, "I hear nothing, I see nothing, and consider the audience at the King's Theatre as so many cabbage stalks. Had I not that feeling, and did I dread their intellectual powers, I might, perhaps, tremble, and fear their criticism."

At the time Bochsa first presided at the Oratorios, Madame Mara revisited England, and Miss Tree was announced, in the bills of the performance, to sing "Angels ever bright

and fair," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," compositions in the execution of which Madame Mara had been unrivalled. In company with Mrs. Cosway, and another lady, she took her station in the stage box, and, after the performance was concluded, she was asked by her friends, what opinion she had formed of the vocal powers of Miss Tree. Mara hesitated for a moment, and then only replied, "I have been told the young lady can dance a very pretty fandango." Had Madame Mara considered, for a moment, she might have been convinced that long experience would probably have the same effect on the young vocalist as it had had upon herself, and gradually bring her nearer to perfection. She was one of the first to complain of illiberality towards herself, though she was guilty of it towards others.

Madame Mara had no mean opinion of her own abilities. The last time she gave a concert in England, contrary to the advice of her friends, she engaged the Opera-house, in the full expectation of having it completely crowded. She at this period acknowledged

herself to be in her 72nd year, and might have believed that her powers were not so great as they had been.

To her dismay, she perceived that the company were very thinly scattered throughout the vast apartment, and had the mortification of hearing the polite remarks of the audience that she sung wretchedly. It was the more provoking as she had refused to accept an engagement for a certain number of nights, for which £.3,000 were proffered; for after she had once opened her mouth, all anxiety for her engagement was at an end.

DR. ANDREWS,

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

THIS amiable and benevolent man, who was truly "the Christian's pattern," had a great dislike to the fastidious nicety which some few of his wealthy parishioners displayed, when applied to for their assistance in aid of private charity. "I am sorry," he said, "that my own means do not enable me to do that which my heart dictates: I had rather be deceived in ten instances, than lose

the opportunity of making one heart glad, and the possession of wealth ought to stimulate the feelings of charity."

Dr. Andrews refused more than once to be raised to the episcopal bench, though no man, perhaps, would more highly have honored the dignity which he declined. The late Bishop of Chichester, speaking of Dr. Andrews, said, "I never knew but one man who had the good sense to refuse a mitre;" but since that time there has been another instance in the present Dean of York, who is brother-in-law to Mr. Peel.

GEORGE COLEMAN, THE YOUNGER.

WHEN the "Broad Grins" of Mr. Coleman were first published, the late Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Horsley) was looking at them in the shop of a bookseller in Bond Street, where most of the clever people of that period used to congregate. Dr. Gusset, who was alike celebrated for talent and epicurism, stood looking over the Prelate's shoulder, and with characteristic simplicity said, "I wonder, my Lord, whether those 'Broad Grins' will

ever satisfy the expenses of a tavern dinner." "I doubt it," replied the Bishop, who was himself always embarrassed, "for genius, though pleasant to others, is, generally speaking, a bitter enemy to the possessor." This short conversation was repeated to Coleman, who observed, that "the Bishop was a sensible man, for he knew a Broad Grin was frequently indicative of emptiness, and both his Lordship and himself were empty enough in the pocket, though, he believed, each had the wit to laugh at it."

MR. JERNINGHAM.

JERNINGHAM the Poet, had, like the major part of his fraternity, a life more frequently darkened by storms than illumined by sunshine. At the close of his life he was indebted to the late Mr. Robson, of Bond Street, for the necessaries, as well as the comforts of existence, for in poverty he made the fatal discovery, that friends grow shy, and cross to the other side, that they may not be pained by the sight of a former companion under the pressure of adversity. Mr. Robson was not

a man likely to forget the slightest favor. On the melancholy event of the death of his second son, Mr. Jerningham wrote a very beautiful monody, and this slight mark of respect procured him a firm and generous friend, who, when the world deserted him in his necessities, acted the part of a brother, and poured balm into the wounds of the depressed and distressed poet. It must be acknowledged that the credulity of Jerningham was the cause of depriving him of many friends: promises which were never performed led him on to his ruin: his ambition "o'erleaped itself," and embarrassed and broken-hearted, had not Mr. Robson stepped forward to his rescue, he must either have been left to perish timelessly, or to have sought aid from a source, which he would have considered as tantamount to stamping his name with disgrace. But from this last desperate resource he was fortunately saved, and the only friend circumstances had left him, not only rendered the last days of his life comparatively comfortable, but paid him that respect after his decease, which marked his sense of his worth.

and talents, and proved that a slight compliment to the memory of a beloved and lamented son, can never be forgotten by a tender and indulgent parent.

LADY LEONORA ARMSTRONG.

THAT the most accomplished and delicate female will not revolt at the duties of a wife, nor desert a husband she loves in difficulties or distress, was never more strikingly exemplified than in the instance of Lady Leonora Armstrong, a daughter of the great Lord Bathurst. She had married Mr. Armstrong, who was at that time a subaltern in the Guards, against the consent of the families of both parties, and therefore from neither did they receive the slightest assistance, but were compelled to live as well as they could on the military income of Mr. Armstrong. Unable to bear the expence of residing in London, they took lodgings at Rochester, where Lady Leonora gave proof of the strength of her attachment, by performing all the domestic duties of their establishment, and even washing their articles of dress. To

this may be added that she had to endure the silent scorn of the good people of Rochester, who not taking it into their heads that it was possible for a lady of birth and title to become as domestic as a plebeian wife, charitably believed her to be of doubtful reputation, and carefully avoided contamination by avoiding her society.

In this deserted situation, with no other society than themselves, they lived for some time, till Mr. Armstrong obtained, by some good chance, promotion to a company, which giving him the rank of a Colonel, brought him to the recollection of his family, who now came forward, and allowed him an increase of income, a condescension which was followed by the Bathurst family, who presented Colonel Armstrong with her fortune, which though it did not amount to more than five thousand pounds, had been withheld until it was believed their circumstances were sufficiently improved, to prevent the necessity of making use of it for present necessities.

Shakespeare remarks "true lovers run into strange capers," and Lady Leonora's affection

certainly placed her in situations which she had never anticipated. But she was happy in her marriage, and after the death of her husband, she renounced the world, except occasionally receiving and visiting her relations, for she confessed that since death had deprived her of his society, she had no desire to mix with that promiscuously congregated mass, called the fashionable world.

DR. MANNERS SUTTON,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

WHEN Dr. Sutton was Bishop of Norwich, a large and expensive family had involved him in such difficulties, that his credit was totally knocked up, and on one occasion when a party had been invited, and part of the guests already assembled, it was doubtful whether the wax lights, and the other necessary et cæteras could be procured, and it was only through the good sense and excellent management of Mrs. Sutton, that the difficulty was, for the time, overcome.

Every body knew that Dr. Sutton would in time fill the archiepiscopal See of Canterbury,

and that the positive promise of his Majesty George the Third, had been given to that effect, and when the See became vacant Dr. Sutton was immediately translated to it.

Though the amiable qualities of Dr. Sutton had not been sufficient to gain the confidence of the good people of Norwich, his gold had a wonderful effect in opening their eyes, and when shortly after his installation he returned to Norwich personally to discharge his debts, he was received with such demonstrations of respect that he might justly have been excused had he expressed a doubt of their being the persons he had so lately left, when he proceeded to his new diocese. Gold may truly be said to work wonders, for when Dr. Sutton again quitted Norwich, it was in a kind of triumphal procession—the horses were taken from his carriage—shouts and congratulations assailed him on every side, and the honest calculating people began to wish he was again at the head of the diocese, and to doubt whether they should meet with another Prelate who would behave in so honorable and praiseworthy a manner.

Dr. Sutton was always a friend of the late King, who admired him both for his virtues and his abilities. When an attempt was made to obtain the See of Canterbury, on its becoming vacant, by some person in the ministry, for a Divine whom they were desirous to oblige, his Majesty very coolly replied, "no, no—I have promised it to Sutton—and Sutton shall have it."

ADVENTURE OF AN ARTIST.

Mr. Reinagle, the elder, whose pictures of animals and still life are well known to every lover of the fine arts, was once sent for by the famous Colonel Thornton to his country residence, for the purpose of painting, as he expressed it, "a fine litter," which he requested him to attend to without delay. As Mr. Reinagle had no pressing avocations to compel him to remain in the metropolis, he accordingly proceeded to the Colonel's, who received him very courteously, and, with a sly wink, which apparently was perfectly comprehended by his friends. After Mr. Reinagle had partaken of some refreshment, he

told him he would take him at once to see the animals he had sent for him to depict. Armed with his drawing utensils, Mr. Reinagle proceeded in company with the Colonel, and his male friends, to the stables, where pointing to a heap of straw in one of the stalls, he bade the artist advance and examine his subjects.

Unsuspicious of his being made the mirth of the party, Mr. Reinagle went onwards, treading very carefully lest he might injure the whelps which he was about to transfer in miniature into his sketch book, and tempt the anger of the mother, when, on a sudden, he found his legs seized, not by the teeth of a mastiff, but by a pair of human hands, though in his fright he at first believed he was in the fangs of a canine animal, but the loud burst of laughter, with which his terror was greeted by the *respectable* Colonel Thornton and his friends, convinced him, in an instant, that the whole was a preconcerted scheme to make him the laughing stock of the day. To add to his discomfiture, the party that had accompanied him had suddenly disappeared, and he found himself locked in the stable

with two wretched beings, of the female sex, who had been placed there till an opportunity should offer to send them back to the metropolis, as they were not of that high caste which could warrant their being introduced to the society of the ladies who were visiting at his house. After they had extracted a donation of some silver from the pocket of Mr. Reinagle, and the gentlemen considered they had tormented the artist sufficiently, he was released, and shewn the animals which really were to be delineated. But the laugh was against him, for Mr. Reinagle was a worthy, steady family man, and a joke against such a character was the very thing to delight the visitors of Colonel Thornton. But though Mr. Reinagle plied his pencil as expeditiously as possible, he had not a very pleasant time during his stay, for he was pestered with the female party by day, and treated as a quiz by the gentlemen at night, because he was not sufficiently initiated in the worst habits of dissipation, to relish coarseness in one instance, nor depravity in the other.

KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

THERE was a degree of kindness in the manners of the late King, which made a reproof from him, perhaps, more severely felt than it would have been from one who spoke with harshness.

A young officer, who was notoriously inattentive to his duties, met with the King in one of his morning rambles round the royal domain at Windsor. His Majesty immediately recognized him, and returning the salute of the officer, said, "Ah! ———, fine morning—not on duty, eh?" "No, please your Majesty, I was on guard yesterday." "Yesterday," returned the King, "yesterday, you hunted with me, didn't you, eh?" "Yes, Sire, but still I was on guard." "Well, well," said his Majesty, "let me hear no more complaints of young men mounting guard by deputy, that they may follow the hounds, if so, I shall have them reported, do you mind me, eh?" "But if your Majesty commands their attendance in your cortege?"

“ True, true,” returned the King, “ I recollect—I recollect—I must report myself also—must I not, eh? Let me hear no more complaints of you,—good morning—good morning.”

The King was, in this instance, somewhat like Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who was informed that, during the time of the Carnival at Berlin, one of his officers who was on duty at Potsdam, was frequently in the habit of absenting himself from his station, to enjoy the gaieties of the masqued balls at the theatre. As his information was particular as to the costume of the officer in question, to convince himself, he went to the assembly in disguise, and discovering the intelligence to be correct, he went up to the officer and whispered in his ear, “ I am told, Sir, in confidence, that you have left your post.” “ Then,” replied the officer, “ I am sure you would not be such a scoundrel as to betray me.”

LORD PRUDHOE.

HIS Lordship, though somewhat eccentric in his habits, possesses a truly liberal mind,

and may frequently be seen in the neighbourhood of Alnwick Castle, traversing the country, from farm to cottage, in the simple garb of a rustic.

A few autumns ago, in one of his peregrinations, he visited one of the smaller farms belonging to the Northumberland estate, which was held by a widow who had three young children dependant on her for support. Just before he reached the house, a heavy storm of wind and rain gave him an excellent excuse for seeking shelter, and, perceiving he was unknown to the inmates, he began to question the good woman respecting her situation, and whether she was satisfied with the conduct of her landlord. The woman, who was preparing a repast of eggs and bacon for her unknown guest, replied, that the Duke was not a bad landlord, but he was not so liberal as most of the other great land proprietors in the neighbourhood, for they generally considered the necessities of their poorer tenants, and assisted them in the winter season with a load or two of potatoes, or some other donation of a similar description, to help them through

the severest season of the year. Lord Prudhoe agreed with her, that the Duke ought to do the same, and after he had partaken of the refreshment which had been provided for him, as the storm had ceased, he put on his great coat, and prepared for his departure. During his stay he had taken great notice of the children, who, delighted with being kindly spoken to by a strange gentleman, clung round him for a parting kiss, which his Lordship cheerfully gave them, and took the opportunity of slipping a half crown piece into the hand of each, unperceived by the mother, to whom he said, as he quitted the house, she would most probably hear from the Duke of Northumberland very shortly.

This intimation, and the money which the children ran to exhibit to their mother, filled the poor woman with alarm; she was certain it was the Duke himself to whom she had given shelter, and of whom she had ventured to speak so freely, and she expected to be turned out of her farm for her presumptuous loquacity. The next day, however, her fears were relieved; two loads of potatoes were sent her

from the Duke, and she learned that it was to the generosity of Lord Prudhoe she was indebted for a donation, which was to her a valuable gift, and that his Lordship far from being offended at her frankness, was pleased that it was in his power to inform his brother that out of his superfluity he might gladden the heart of a widow.

MAJOR LYMAN.

WHEN this officer was Governor of the Scilly Islands, he was so greatly annoyed by post favors from importunate creditors, that he came to the wise resolution of never opening any letters that bore the London post mark, and this decision had nearly been productive of unpleasant consequences to himself, for one communication remained unnoticed and even unopened for a fortnight, though it required his immediate attention. He had applied to be removed to a better Government than that of Scilly; his request had been attended to, and the letter in question contained his appointment to the Island of Guernsey. His consternation when he found

by the date of the post-mark, that it had remained so long a time unanswered, was excessive, and though he sent off an express with his reply, that he might get a few hours start of the mail, it arrived only in time to prevent his appointment from being cancelled.

REV. W. MATURIN.

“If you will write Romances, Mr. Maturin,” said an Irish Prelate to the author of the *Albigenses*, “why will you persist in harrowing up the feelings by depicting scenes of horror?” “My Lord,” replied Maturin, who knew his Lordship’s penchant for high-seasoned viands, “readers are like epicures;—if you set a plain joint before them they lose their appetite, but if a piquant dish pleases their palate they will finish it, though they are satiated even to repletion.”

MR. TOWNSEND.

THE late Mr. Townsend, who filled the office of *Windsor Herald*, was obliged on some business connected with his situation to

visit the Court of Vienna, and there he had an audience of young Napoleon, who though at that time a mere youth, made many pertinent remarks on the English nation, and seemed perfectly *au fait* with regard to the ceremonies of Court etiquette. On Mr. Townsend's remarking, that he appeared to be perfectly conversant with the British history, he replied, "I have studied it more attentively than I probably should have done, had it not been so closely connected with my own fortunes."

Lord Thurlow when he was struggling with the poetical epidemic which was with difficulty eradicated from his system, was accustomed to send Mr. Townsend a copy of each of his publications fresh from the press, with a request, that he would peruse and give his candid opinion of them. "If," said Mr. Townsend, "his Lordship had requested me to translate his poems into plain English, he would not have imposed a heavier task on me, for, in truth, I must confess, I have not been able to understand the little I have read of his poetical productions."

REV. MR. ASKEW.

THE late Mr. Askew, who held a situation in the British Museum, had such a peculiar thickness of voice, that it was impossible for a congregation to catch even a syllable of his discourse, and they could only follow him through the prayers by calculating the time and attending to his genuflexions. He was assistant curate to Mr. Southgate, the then incumbent of St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, who had so great a respect for Brother Askew, as he was familiarly called, that he would not listen to the complaints of the parishioners, of not being able to hear him, and insisted that they must be afflicted with deafness. Through the interest of Mr. Southgate, Brother Askew was presented to a small benefice in Kent, and for the first Sunday or two he had a full congregation, but they being equally fastidious with the good people of the parish in which he still held his assistant curacy, after the novelty of the thing had passed by, deemed it useless to go to church to look at

one another, and it was very seldom that more than five or six persons, including himself and the clerk, attended the performance of the service.

Once indisposition prevented his attending to the regular duty of his benefice, and he sent another clergyman down to officiate for him, who when he perceived so small a congregation, thought it was scarcely worth his while to read the service: however, he went through it, and the people went home satisfied. The next Sunday Mr. Askew, being convalescent, resumed his duties, and to his astonishment found the church filled. After the duty was finished, he expressed his pleasure at unexpectedly meeting so large a congregation, and his hopes that they would in future be more attentive to their church than they had hitherto been, since he had been their pastor. One of the group, with more truth than delicacy, replied, the reason the church was so well filled on this occasion is, that we expected to have heard the clergyman who officiated on the preceding sabbath, for we could hear him, though we cannot hear you.

Fortunately Mr. Askew was of a very serene temper, and though this acknowledgment was very mortifying, he only said, "well, well, God gave me my voice, and I cannot alter it to please you."

On the death of Mr. Southgate, though Mr. Askew was continued in his situation of assistant curate, the new Rector confined his duties to the performance of the funeral rites, for as he remarked, though Mr. Askew was a very estimable man, he was certainly better calculated to pray over the dead than to preach to the living.*

Mr. Southgate was himself a man who resembled the Samaritan in the Scriptures.

* A late incumbent of a metropolitan living, whose voice was feeble as the chirp of a grasshopper in the immense edifice in which he preached, was in habits of intimacy with a widow lady whose son was totally blind, and on his way to the church, one sabbath evening, he called for the purpose of escorting them to church in his carriage. The youth was alone in the parlour, and Dr. H** enquired whether he intended to attend the evening service. He had but lately come from the country, and though he had been several times at church had never met the Doctor in private, and to the astonishment of the latter, he replied, "No, I understand the old lady intends to preach, and it is impossible to hear." "Who," interrupted the Doctor, aghast with astonishment at finding himself designated as

His time and his income were devoted to the service of the necessitous, and in the parish which was under his pastoral care, there was no lack of objects to interest the benevolence of his heart. He eventually met his death in the cause of charity, for on an occasion when he had a sum of money to distribute to the poor, the pressure of the crowd upon him was so great that he received from the crushing so severe an injury, as to bring on a serious illness, which confined him to his bed, from which he never rose again.

LORD REDESDALE.

WHEN Lord Redesdale and Lord Eldon were the leading members in the Court of Chancery, there was some little jealousy existing between the two legal stars, who both having the same point in view, were not likely to be gratified by popular opinion inclining

one of the fair sex; "I shall preach myself, Sir, and if you do not like to hear 'the old lady,' remain at home." It was some time before the disagreement thus innocently brought about was made up. But the Doctor told the story himself.

either to one side or the other. But there was always a liberality of sentiment with both parties; and it was principally owing to the recommendation of Lord Eldon, that Lord R. (then Mr. Mitford) received the appointment of a Welch Judge. No man was, perhaps, better qualified to fill such a situation, for the law was as familiar to him as the alphabet, and his scrupulous conscientiousness gave an assurance of justice being at all times impartially administered by him, though the kindness of his heart might induce him to ameliorate its rigours, whenever he was allowed a discretionary power. When he was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he received the congratulations of Lord Eldon, who expressed a doubt whether he would find the Irish practice congenial to his accustomed habits. "I must take things as I find them," replied Lord Redesdale, "had I been a *doubter*, I might have remained briefless at the Chancery bar, but neither you nor I, at one period of our lives, expected our present legal dignities, and might have been justified in *doubting* the probability of our advancement."

Perhaps no two men ever possessed more legal lore than Lords Redesdale and Eldon, and both obtained their exalted rank rather by the power of their own talents, than through adventitious circumstances.

LADY MACQUARRIE.

WHEN General Macquarrie was Governor of New South Wales, his lady expressed a desire to see one of the native princesses, and one of the dependants or aspirants of the Colonial Court, took upon himself to procure her this gratification, though he did not tell her Ladyship that the lady in question was not even half civilized; and it was at the time her Ladyship was entertaining a large party of both sexes, that the arrival of the expected visitant was notified to her, and she was told, at the same time, that the guest and her train were on the lawn opposite the windows of the room, in which the company were assembled. Her Ladyship, being then but a new importation herself, hastened to the window, followed by her guests, who could not

restrain their mirth, when they saw twenty or thirty sable-coloured ladies, who scorned the confinement of boddice, or the graceful flow of drapery, squatting in groups on the lawn.

Lady Macquarrie was confused ; but wishing, at least, to make them decent, she immediately sent to the great personage a crimson cloth mantle, bordered with gold lace, which one of the domestics threw over her shoulders. Having admired the mantle and herself for a moment, she grinned her thanks, and taking one end between her teeth, she began deliberately to tear the garment into long strips, which she divided among her attendants, while the collar and cape remained as an ornament to her own person, as did also one solitary strip of the gold binding, which seemed particularly to excite the admiration of the wearer, as it dangled round her every time she moved. After having thus divided her excellency's present among the attendant nymphs, who wore the decoration as gracefully as their mistress, they commenced dancing, and it was with some difficulty Lady Macquarrie got rid of her unwelcome visitors,

though they had come to pay their respects almost by official command.

It would not be doing justice to Lady Macquarrie, if I were to close this anecdote without stating, that, although she had reason to be offended with the officiousness of the person, who, in his zeal to oblige his superiors, had caused rather an awkward scene, she took the blame entirely on herself.

VANITY.

THE late Marquis of A—— had an insuperable objection to have his age even hinted at, and even in the peerage, “that fatal register of the progress of years,” as the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire termed it, the date of his birth was omitted. Owing to the overturning of his carriage, the Marquis had, in one of the latter years of his life, the misfortune to break both his legs, and the fractures were skilfully reduced, before Dr. Pemberton could arrive from London, by an able surgeon who resided in the vicinity of the Priory. Every satisfaction was given by the practitioner, and the Marquis considered him not only a very

clever, but also a very sensible man, till, in reply to a question propounded to him, respecting the probability of some slight degree of lameness remaining after the cure was perfected, he remarked, "that at his Lordship's *time of life*, it was scarcely to be expected he could escape without a limp." This was a most unfortunate slip of the tongue. When Dr. Pemberton paid his accustomed daily visit, he was requested to recommend another surgeon, and a draft for a handsome sum was remitted to the offender, with an intimation that the Marquis was not any longer in need of his services.

Astonished at his dismissal, and aware that his Lordship could not do without surgical attendance, he waited on Dr. Pemberton to enquire the cause of his being so abruptly superseded. The Doctor knew not, nor had he ventured to enquire of the Marquis, but he knew there must have been some offence given, and now, in his turn, he requested to be informed of what nature it had been; but no satisfactory explanation could be given. At length the probable lameness of the Marquis

became the subject of conversation, and his "*time of life*," was again mentioned by the surgeon. "You surely did not hint this to the Marquis," said the Doctor, who began to have a shrewd suspicion of the fact. The surgeon acknowledged that he had done so. "Then," returned Dr. Pemberton, "your case is hopeless, and I must warn your successor not to believe his own eyes, when he sees the marks of time on a noble countenance."

The Honourable Miss Walpole, when an octogenarian, carried vanity and pride of birth to so ridiculous an extent, that when her medical attendant sent her a box of pills, addressed to "Miss Walpole," she sent them back expressly to have the address altered, by the interlineation of the magic abbreviation "Hon."; for, she remarked, as there were persons of plebeian birth who, unfortunately, bore the same patronymic, she might stand a chance of being poisoned, unless she was very particular, by some noxious mixture that had been compounded for the coarse stomach of some vulgar person.

How much more good sense was displayed by the late Queen Charlotte, who in illness dispensed with the unmeaning ceremonies of royalty. In one of her last accouchments she was very much annoyed by the nurse keeping her waiting for such things as she requested, by waiting to curtsy, and salute her with, "yes, please your Majesty." "Do not torment me with 'your Majesty,'" said the Queen, "I am only a woman here, and treat me like one, while you stand there 'your Majesty'-ing me, my mouth is parched with thirst."

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE late Duke of Northumberland was very partial to his tenantry, who were always well received by him at Alnwick. An old farmer, in particular, whose conversation afforded him amusement, was always on those occasions requested to take a glass with his Grace, who once, good humouredly, applied to him for a toast. "A toast!" exclaimed the farmer, with surprize, but after some little hesitation, he collected his faculties,

which had been so unexpectedly called into action, and said, "Well, I'll gie' ye a toast—here's, our ain Betty." "Who?" said the Duke, with a stare of astonishment, "Who is 'our ain Betty?'" "Why, the Duchess, to be sure," replied the farmer. "I cannot drink your toast, just at this moment," said his Grace; and, ringing the bell, he sent a servant with a message requesting the attendance of the Duchess, who immediately complied with the wishes of her Lord, and was informed of the cause of the request, and actually he and the farmer drank to "our ain Betty," in the presence of her Grace, who courteously thanked the tenant for the honor he had done her.

At another time, he was entertaining six or seven of his tenants, whose hats had become somewhat the worse for wear, and were, perhaps, almost in the last stage of decay. To have presented them with new ones would have been an insult, and the Duke, who was determined to make their heads more respectable, hit upon the following expedient to accomplish the point he had in view. He

raised an argument on the course of a stream of water, either in the grounds or the neighbourhood of the Castle, and purposely insisted that it flowed in a contrary direction to that in which it really did :—the farmers took the other side, and the Duke proffered the bet of a new hat to each, that he was himself correct. The bet was pressed so closely that the farmers found it impossible to decline it, and though they were satisfied in their own minds that they were in the right, and that the Duke had taken the wrong side of the question, they trembled at the idea, that, unlearned as they were, they might be mistaken. According to a stipulation made by the Duke, the surveyor of the estate was to be the referee, and he was sent for to decide the dispute. Without hesitation, he gave his opinion against the Duke, and the latter insisted, instantly, on the forfeiture he had incurred being made good. No objection could of course be made, and the Duke presented his tenants with their new hats, accompanied with the request that they would wear them whenever they came to the Castle,

as a memento of the superiority of their judgment over that of their landlord.

During the war caused by the French revolution the Duke raised and clothed a corps of Volunteers, of which Lord Percy (the present Duke) was Colonel. The first or second time they were called out on a field day, the weather was exceedingly unfavorable, and officers and men were soaked to the skin, with the drizzling rain which fell throughout the day, nevertheless their military evolutions were not suspended, and they skirmished with each other as gallantly as though they had been contending with an enemy. One party, headed by Lord Percy, whose dress was less decorated than even the subaltern officers of his corps, had to make their way over the hedge of an enclosure which adjoined a small cottage, and Lord Percy in his anxiety to keep the lead, missed his footing and fell at his length in a puddle, nearly large enough to come under the denomination of a pool, from which he could not extricate himself until he was covered with a coating of mud ; to relieve himself of which

he repaired to the cottage, to request the assistance of the good wife in placing him in a situation to face his men without incurring the risk of exciting the mirth of his corps by his bespattered appearance.

To his request the woman readily assented; and, from the plainness of his dress, mistaking him for one of the privates, she gave vent, in no very gentle or elegant terms, to her indignation against Lord Percy, for ordering the men out on so unfavorable a day, for a gallant display of their military accoutrements. Her husband and her son, she told him, were among the incipient heroes of the Northumbrian regiment, and they were not likely to come home in a much better plight than the gentleman, whom, during her vituperations, she was scraping down with a knife, and unceremoniously desiring him to turn from side to side, that she might more easily accomplish the task which had thus been forced upon her. Lord Percy very calmly heard all her reproaches of himself, whom she termed a fool, and only endeavoured to soothe her by stating, that he was sure his

Lordship would not willingly, if he knew it, give her any offence, but her anger was not to be appeased, and when he took his leave with thanks for the service which she had rendered him, she told him not to come troubling her again if, in playing the fool to please Lord Percy, he should meet with a second fall. His Lordship was no sooner gone, than the daughter who had been employed in an adjoining apartment in some domestic occupation, came to her mother and asked her if she knew to whom she had been talking; and told her she was certain it was Lord Percy himself. The woman was almost petrified with astonishment, for to the Duke of Northumberland she was indebted for the cottage she lived in, and the income her husband enjoyed. This man had been in the service of the Duke, and when his Grace

“ Fought for King George at Lexington,
A Major of dragoons——”

had been instrumental, on one occasion, in saving his life, a favor which the Duke never

forgot, and most generously rewarded. From her imprudence she anticipated nothing less than their total ruin, and was satisfied in her own mind, that they would be turned out of their present habitation with disgrace, and without the means of support, be compelled to pass the closing period of existence in a parochial establishment.

In this opinion she wronged the liberality of Lord Percy, who was too noble minded to heed the angry expressions of an irritable female, and who, on his return to Alnwick Castle, related the unexpected adventure with great humour to his family and the assembled guests. On the following morning the appearance of his Lordship's valet at the cottage with a present of two guineas from his Lordship, accompanied by a message expressing his thanks for her services, relieved her of her fears, and perhaps served as a wholesome admonition to her to confine her opinions respecting those to whom she was indebted for the comforts of life to her own bosom for the future.

It is pleasant to be able to record instances

of a family so exalted as that of the Percy. In a former anecdote of Lord Prudhoe, I have spoken of his kindness of heart, but I omitted to mention another proof of his desire to relieve the slightest embarrassment, which cannot be inserted in a fitter place than where the estimable qualities of his father and brother are recorded. Lord Prudhoe was once at Alnwick market, where his attention was attracted by the lamentations of a countryman who had come thither for the purpose of purchasing a pig, and he found it impossible to procure one under a price which exceeded by three shillings all the money he possessed in the world. To every person who was willing to listen to his story he repeated it, and Lord Prudhoe happened to be just behind him when he was telling his thrice told tale to a butcher, who, aware of his Lordship's humour, and understanding the glance of his eye, drew the poor man out into an elaborate detail of his troubles. After his Lordship had obtained all the particulars of the poor fellow's distress, he entered into conversation with him himself, and remarked

as he seemed so good a judge of a porker, that he would get him to purchase one for him, and giving the man a sovereign for that purpose, he enquired whether it would be sufficient. The man assured him it would be more than was requisite, and leaving him to execute the commission, his Lordship strolled through the market. After the lapse of an hour, Lord Prudhoe again sought the countryman, and enquired whether he had purchased the pig? It was shewn him, and he remarked that it was a very fine one; the price was fifteen shillings, and with the other five, his Lordship desired him to purchase a quantity of potatoes to feed it with, and wait with it in the market until he came back again. Night came on, and the countryman, who did not know Lord Prudhoe, though his ignorance was the jest of the market people, was still lingering in the same spot with the porker and the potatoes, expressing his wishes that the gentleman would return and take his pig, as he should be late home. The butcher, who had been aware of his Lordship's intentions, advised him, as he

was applied to in this emergency, to drive the animal to his own cottage, but the honest fellow indignantly declared he would not be guilty of so scandalous a breach of confidence, though he was repeatedly assured that the gentleman would never come back to claim it. At length, the name and quality of the stranger was told him, and grateful to Providence for placing him in the way of Lord Prudhoe's benevolence, he followed the advice of the good people of Alnwick, and took the road homewards with his unexpectedly acquired property.

ALDERMAN COMBE.

THE late Alderman H. C. Combe was once applied to by a young man to fill a vacant situation in his establishment. After enquiring his name, and from whence he came, the Alderman discovered that he was more nearly related to him, than he was desirous of having any person, who served him in a subordinate capacity, and believing that the degrees of affinity ought to prevent a rising man from degrading his kindred, he told him, that he

did not think his livery would fit him, but as a sweetener to the youth for the disappointment, he presented him with a guinea, to repay him for the time he had wasted in seeking for the situation.

EARL OF ST. VINCENT.

THE Earl of St. Vincent was a man of very austere manners, and particularly so when on board his ship. He was one day walking the quarter-deck, in company with some of his officers, when one of the midshipmen whom they passed, made a bow, which the Earl considered to be too slight an acknowledgment from a subaltern to an Admiral. "Lower, Sir, lower!" exclaimed his Lordship, looking sternly at the youth, who was in the first year of his service, and who in obedience to his commands, made an attempt to palliate the anger of the Admiral, by making a very respectable genuflexion. "Lower Sir, lower!" again reiterated the Earl; and, in his endeavours to make a salutation almost as low as the monarch of the Celestial Empire would expect from a mandarin, he lost his

balance, and was fairly capsized on the deck. The officers with difficulty suppressed a laugh; but not a muscle of the Admiral's face was disturbed, and when the disconcerted youth again found his equilibrium, he said, "I would advise you, Sir, as soon as you go on shore, to apply to some person who is capable of teaching you how to make a proper bow to your commanding officer, and at the same time learn how to keep upon your legs."

AN HONEST BOOKSELLER.

Mr. ROBSON, of Bond Street, was at one time persuaded to take a partner in his business, who advanced a handsome sum of money on the articles being signed. The profits were increased to a degree which had not been anticipated, and it was supposed that Mr. Robson, when the first quarter's accounts were made up, would be highly gratified at the impulse which had been given to his trade. But the contrary was the case—he declared that he did not conceive such great profits could be obtained fairly; and dissolved.

the partnership to the surprize of every person, who thought he for once in his life had lost his senses.

MILITARY TACTICS.

MAJOR LYMAN, whom I have noticed in a preceding anecdote, as being Governor of the Scilly Islands, had frequently great difficulty in eluding the vigilance of the humbler retainers of an attorney, but, somehow, he generally contrived to obtain an intimation of their intended favors, before they could get from Penzance to St. Mary's. On these occasions the Government House was always guarded with especial care by the centinels, and every stranger or suspicious-looking personage was prevented from approaching too near the residence of the Major, by the presented firelocks of the soldiers. Many attempts to touch the shoulder of the Major had been made without success; the inhabitants of the island were all influenced by the most friendly feelings towards him, and almost as soon as the boat in which they had voyaged from Penzance to Scilly, had reached the shore, the

Government House became a kind of citadel, where none but known friends were admitted.

Two strangers, supporting the characters of a gentleman travelling for pleasure and his valet, however, arrived unexpectedly at St. Mary's, and took up their abode at the principal inn, where their manners and flow of cash made them welcome inmates. The gentleman contented himself, for some days, with walking about St. Mary's, and taking a trip to St. Agnes and the other island, and in his peregrinations he contrived to make an acquaintance with a young clergyman then resident there, to whom he gave a similar representation of himself and his views to which report had already circulated. There was nothing in his appearance or manners to excite suspicion, and he one day expressed a wish to be introduced at the Government House, for the society on the island appeared to be so pleasant, that if he was assured of being admitted, he felt inclined to pass a winter at St. Mary's. The clergyman agreed to mention his name to Major Lyman, and request him to appoint a time for receiving

the stranger, and they parted for that time mutually satisfied with each other. The Major saw no objection, and being at the time rather indisposed, he appointed the following Tuesday, leaving an interval of three days for the recovery of his own health, before the interview was to take place. In the meantime, one of the firm friends of the Major had heard some whispers derogatory to the dignity of the travelling gentleman, and lost no time in intimating the intelligence both to the Major and the inn-keeper, consequently both were on the qui vive to learn something more than had been already explained, and the quick ears of a chambermaid, who overheard part of a confidential conversation between the gentleman and his valet, discovered that they had come to St. Mary's on the often tried speculation of taking the person of the Major into their keeping, for the pleasure if not for the benefit of one of his creditors, for no less a sum than six hundred and odd pounds. This intelligence was carried without delay to Mrs. Edwards, the Major's friend, who hastened to inform him of the

dangerous situation in which he stood, for the next day was that on which he was to be received at the Government House. Armed at all points, the Major decided that he should, nevertheless, be introduced, and a brother officer agreed to personate the Governor on the occasion, who betook himself to the residence of a friend, until he should be assured the "plague-o'-life-men," as he was wont to call them, should have taken their departure from the island.

The clergyman found a plausible excuse for not introducing the strange gentleman, who, however, had the modesty to present himself, and was admitted to the presence of the Governor's double, who received him very courteously, and assured him he should always be happy to attend to the comforts of a friend, during the time he held his office. All the officers of the little garrison, and the friends of the Major were present, who being aware of the joke, were curious to be witnesses of the man's mortification.

At length he requested to speak with the presumed Major in private, who bowed, and

immediately granted the interview, when, as had been anticipated, the stranger informed him of the nature of his business, but presumed he could find security, and proposed, as Mrs. Edwards was known to be very wealthy, she should be applied to in this emergency to become his surety. The proposition was agreed to, and they walked at once to the residence of Mrs. Edwards, who having been apprized of the scheme, and the visit, was prepared to receive them, backed by the clergyman and several of the Major's friends: According to a preconcerted plan, when they entered she addressed the shadow of the Governor by name, and enquired how he had left the Major. The "plague-o'-life man," stared first at one and then at the other, and then began to conceive that they were inclined to play him some trick: however, he said, "you are Major Lyman." "Who told you I was Major Lyman, fellow?" returned the officer haughtily; and before he could answer the interrogatory, he was assailed on all sides with reproaches for having dared to intrude himself into the society of gentlemen: even the

clergyman declared he should feel himself justified in forgetting his cloth and laying a horsewhip over his shoulders, while every one laughed at the fellow's disappointment, who dared not run the risk of incarcerating the officer to whom he had been introduced instead of the Major, and he and his attendant were glad to escape from St. Mary's with safety, for the whole population of the island were in arms against them, and neither at the inn, or at any cottage in the island, could they obtain either provision or shelter; for Major Lyman was too much beloved by all classes of the inhabitants, for any of them to take part with his enemies.

THE KING OF NAPLES.

THE Calabrian Bandit, Angel' del Duca, was the terror of the Neapolitan territory. Even the King of Naples trembled at his name, for he only waged war against persons of princely rank, and very frequently deprived the Neapolitan Treasury of its supplies by intercepting the officers, who, protected by a strong guard, were conveying the gold which had

been collected by the tax gatherers to the metropolis. On one occasion he wrote to the King of Naples, to desire he would send him a supply of mattresses for himself and his band, accompanied by a threat, that if his demand was not complied with, he would cut off the mustachios of every soldier in his Majesty's dominions, to make one for himself. Strange as it may appear, the King obeyed his commands, and the mattresses were forwarded to a pass in the mountains, which Angel' del Duca had pointed out, as the spot where they were to be "left till called for."

The late Mr. Benjamin West was on board Lord Nelson's ship, with this same valorous monarch of Naples; and his family, at the time they took refuge therein. A battle had taken place shortly before in the very place in which the vessel was then riding; and, one afternoon, as the King was sitting at the window of the cabin, a body which had escaped from the weights by which it had been sunk, started up in a standing posture exactly before

the cabin window, and so close to it as to make appear as though the corpse had come thither to hold a conversation with the monarch, who, report said, had not dealt fairly with him. The King in an instant recognized the pallid and mangled features of a former friend, and could not be persuaded that he had not burst the boundaries of his unhallowed grave for the purpose of warning him that his days were numbered.

About this time one of the royal children, which had been for some time in a dangerous state, died, and the King remarked, both to Lady Hamilton and Mr. West, that he was certain from the time his eyes rested on the decaying body of his former friend, some evil was impending over him. This superstitious idea was strengthened by circumstances, and as it would have been a breach of etiquette to have reasoned with him on its absurdity, he was left to indulge in the mystical visions of his overstrained fancy without restraint.

MR. PITT.

Mr. PITT had, perhaps, more firm friends than any other minister could ever boast of, but he would sometimes refuse favors to those who were always ready to support his measures. The Marquis of Abercorn applied to him to grant the dignity of an Earl's daughter to his cousin, Miss Cecil Hamilton, which the premier decidedly refused, as being a request which he dared not venture to prefer to the King, and one which might probably lead to many other applications of a similar description, as he was aware there were many others of the nobility who were desirous of ennobling some plebeian member of their family. "Am I to understand that you decline obliging me, Sir?" said the Marquis. "I have done so, my Lord." The Marquis felt offended, and as he took leave of the premier, said, "then, Sir, I shall ask the favor of your master." Mr. Pitt bowed, and they parted. The King was applied to, and the boon was granted. After the patent of nobility was made out, the Marquis again

saw Mr. Pitt, and remarked, that his Majesty was not quite so fastidious as his minister. "I congratulate you, my Lord, on your success," replied Mr. Pitt, "though I could not aid you myself, for an act which is courtesy in a monarch, would be pronounced folly in a minister."

THE LATE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

THIS lady, when Countess of Waldegrave, was informed by one of her attendants, that a female had been continually at her residence, expressing a desire to see her, if but for a moment, that she might be satisfied, whether she was as beautiful as report said she was. Her ladyship laughed at the idea, but felt assured that it was merely a pretence to obtain some favor, and though she despised the manner of the application, she condescended to oblige her. The next time the woman called, by the desire of the Countess, she was shown into a large apartment, and her ladyship perambulated the room backwards and forwards three or four times; as she was about

to retire, the woman began to explain her motives for being so desirous to see her, and pressed her claims to the benevolence of the Countess, on the grounds of being distantly related to her. "You have not proceeded in a manner to induce me to listen to you," said the Countess, "I have made an exhibition of myself to satisfy your curiosity, and instead of my giving you money, you ought to pay me for shewing myself off like some wonderful woman of a travelling caravan."

LORD DE TABLEY.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER, who was afterwards created Baron De Tabley, was second to no man in the British dominions in his patronage of the fine arts. He was once closely pressed by a picture dealer to purchase a painting by Moreland, and to enhance the value of the picture he decanted with the eloquence of an amateur artist on the taste and feeling which had been displayed in the composition of a pig-stye, and its inhabitants, and pointed out a particular place in the gallery in Hill Street, where this gem might be displayed to peculiar

advantage. It was unfortunate for the dealer that the Baronet recollected that the spot thus selected was close to a portrait of his wife, and turning to the importunate proprietor, he said, "My good Sir, allowing Moreland all the merit you have awarded him, what would the world say to my *taste*, or Lady Leicester to my *feeling*, were I to place her *tete-a-tete* with a piggery."

MR. THELLUSON.

MR. THELLUSON, the father of the first Lord Rendlesham, and founder of the fortunes of that family, though he was known to be possessed of three millions of property, was totally devoid of liberality. His house was the channel through which, during the perilous period of the French Revolution, the noblesse sent their money and valuables to England, which very many of the number were never destined to visit for the purpose of reclaiming. Mr. B——, a Swiss gentleman, who superintended the foreign department of his banking-house, was one day closetted with Mr. Thelluson in a private room, when

an emigrant nobleman was announced: he immediately rose to leave the room, but Mr. Thelluson desired him to remain, and it was evident he had no desire to be left *tête-a-tête* with the nobleman, who was compelled to enter into a detail of the cause of his visit in the presence of a third person. The emigrant was in distress, and conceiving from the circumstance of several members of his family having deposited the wealth they had been able to secure from the general plunder, which formed a prominent feature in the anarchy of the period, in his hands, and their being removed from the probability of ever being likely to demand it, that he had some claims on Mr. Thelluson's liberality, he ventured to request an advance of five pounds to meet his present necessities. Mr. Thelluson heard him most certainly, but decidedly declined obliging him, and the disappointed nobleman retired with feelings which it would be impossible to describe. Mr. B—— followed him to the door, under the pretence of paying him the attention due to his rank, a civility which Mr. Thelluson did not deem it neces-

sary to put in practice, and, as he bowed him out, he took the opportunity of placing a guinea in his hand. The tears stood in the eyes of the nobleman, who pressing his hand, gratefully said, " *Mais amie*, you and the man above ought to change places."

DR. CALCOTT.

Dr. CALCOTT was applied to by a musical composer to try the effect of some concerted pieces which he was desirous of bringing before the public, and a day was appointed for the rehearsal. The young musician brought his manuscripts at the appointed hour, and the Doctor having glanced his eye over the folios, remarked that they were very clearly transcribed, and proceeded to try their effect on the instrument. It was a sultry July day, and the windows were open, but it was evident before the Doctor had played over many bars that he was oppressed either by the weather or his own feelings. The musical aspirant was on the tiptoe of expectation, and never conceiving that the Doctor could dislike his melodies, he ventured to enquire whether he

thought them effective. "Effective, Sir," replied Dr. Calcott, walking towards the window, from whence he threw the manuscripts into the garden—"no, they are soporifico." "What alteration do they require, Doctor?" "They want every thing, Sir, they want air, and, perhaps, they are more likely to get it in the garden, than from your labours."

DELICATE HINTS.

DURING the first Lord Rendlesham's lifetime his seat in Suffolk was frequently honored with the company of persons of the most exalted rank, who, if they did not entertain the highest respect for the host, had at least an attachment to the excellent cheer of his Lordship's table. A very dignified personage had been staying there for some weeks, and in the opinion of Lady Rendlesham, had not treated her with that courtesy which she felt she had a right to expect. When he took leave, however, he thanked her Ladyship for the kindness he had experienced. She curtained, and mildly replied, that she considered herself only as a landlady: Rendlesham House was

undoubtedly the best inn on the road, with the advantage of having no bill to pay.

General Garth received as delicate a hint from a lady in the neighbourhood of Windsor, who had some very fine myrtles, which had attracted the admiration of some of the members of the Royal Family, who had observed them in their drives. He one morning called on the lady just to mention the circumstance, and to hint that if she would present them to a certain personage they would probably be well received. "You think so, General," she replied, "and I dare say you are right. I assure you every person has my free leave to admire my plants, of which I am myself very proud, but I really cannot see the utility of giving away my property to those who do not want it. However, I will be generous for once, take those *slips* back with you, and if the gardener at Windsor is attentive to their growth, they will, in time, be as fine plants as the parent stems from which they have been cut."

Hints are sometimes not over delicate, especially when coming from truly plebeian persons. The late Marquis of Salisbury, who was the great person at Aldborough, was accustomed to be generally of a morning as shabbily attired, or perhaps more so, than the humblest tradesman of that sterile bathing place, and was remarkable for wearing cotton stockings, which had been darned with the most scrupulous attention to economy. He was one morning engaged in waiting the issue of a sixpenny raffle at Dencher's library, in company with Lady Durrant and several of the privileged class, when his laundress unexpectedly made her appearance at the library, and twitching the Marquis by the sleeve of his coat, informed him that he had put on pair of hose which had not been mended, and concluded by observing in the dialect peculiar to the county, "My Lord, you ma'nt wear these stockings any more, if you do they'll be wholly spoiled, take 'em off, and the *mauther* shall mend 'em."

According to established etiquette, when

admiration of any article is decidedly expressed by Royalty, it is the duty of the subject so highly honored, to request it may be considered as having changed proprietors from that time. Mrs. P——, of Portland Place, had a wardrobe and jewels of such a splendid description that the fame of them reached the ears of her late majesty Queen Charlotte, who graciously intimated her intention of honoring her with a visit for the purpose of being gratified by a private view of a subject's personal decorations. The intended honor was duly appreciated, and at the appointed time the Queen and her cortege arrived in Portland Place, where several of the apartments presented the appearance of a ready-made clothes warehouse, while the centre tables displayed the most elegant articles of *bijoutrie*. A dress, ornamented with superb embroidery, called forth the most rapturous admiration of the Queen, and Mrs. P——, of course complied with the understood formalities of praying her Majesty's acceptance of the dress, &c. but as it happened to be one which she herself prized very highly, she ventured to

add a condition, at which the lady in waiting appeared somewhat displeased, but of this cloud Mrs. P—— took no notice, and simply requested, that as, after a certain time, her Majesty's wardrobe became the perquisite of some person in her establishment, this dress might be reserved, and returned to herself. The terms were agreed to, and the conditions were punctually fulfilled.

It is well known that Maria Theresa of Austria, was so exceedingly jealous of her consort, the Emperor Francis, that her affection became troublesome both to him and to herself. She had repeatedly insisted that he should never quit the palace without informing her of the precise place of his destination. One evening, however, he absented himself without leave, but his motions were so closely watched by one of her Imperial Majesty's spies, that he had scarcely reached the house of his friend before it was surrounded by guards. The Emperor was irritated, for such a public exposure of his consort's weakness was unnecessary. He however, commanded the attendance of the captain of the guard,

and said, "tell her Majesty, Sir, that where her husband is there can be no danger of treason; and if she pleases to assume the garb of the male sex, she may convince herself that she has no reason to indulge suspicions of her husband's fidelity."

DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENTS.

Mr. B——m is remarkable for the peculiar twitching of his nostrils, which he exercises most palpably at the commencement of a speech, or when considering what question he is to put to a witness in a court of justice. He had been somewhat severe in his cross-examination of a medical gentleman on a trial of some interest, and was evidently not satisfied with the answers he elicited from him; when the witness left the box, the Counsel on the opposite side remarked that he had posed Mr. B——m, or his nose would not have laboured so greatly. "Believe me, Mr. Serjeant," returned the gentleman, "it is only a nervous spasm, caused by the action of truth on the chicanery of law."

A Scotch gentleman shortly after Lady Charlotte Bury had published her novels of "Flirtation," and "A Marriage in High Life," remarked, that she was certainly a very sensible woman, for she had proved to the world that Marriage was the only remedy for the sin of Flirtation.

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.

DURING the reign of Louis XVIII, the Duchess De Berri was supplied by him with the means of indulging that liberality of disposition which she is universally acknowledged to possess. Among the many pensioners on her private list were a number of English, who always found especial favor with her, and to whom, she said, she was only discharging a portion of the debt due by her husband to the British Nation. After the accession of the present King her means became more circumscribed, and she was compelled to curtail the liberality of her donations: To one of these dependants she remarked, when she was obliged to slacken

the hand of benevolence. "Had Louis the nineteenth succeeded Louis the eighteenth, my power to serve you might have increased rather than diminished, but France is now only in the tenth house, and that is not a favorable point in my horoscope."

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

HIS Royal Highness was always a strong advocate for Protestant ascendancy, and once when reasoning with the venerable Bishop of Norwich, in private conversation, on the impolicy of his supporting the claims of the Catholics, asked, whether his Lordship believed, that, either the Church, or the Protestant members of the senate, would be safe, if their claims were allowed? "Yes," replied the Prelate, "for if we render unto Cæsar the tribute which is his due, we make him our friend: if, on the contrary, we rouse the slumbering passions of the man, whom we are bound in justice to make our friend, whose strong arm we have needed, and whose assistance we, perhaps, may again require,

we are at once the adversaries of reason and seceders from the gospel, which inculcates the duty of regarding all mankind as our bretheren. The fears which many persons indulge of a revival of those persecutions which marked the theological differences of former times, when the minds of men were less enlightened than at present, are idle; and I can assure your Royal Highness, that I have not the most distant idea of swelling the list of protestant martyrs myself, or seeing an *auto de fé* got up for the purpose of punishing those who are opposed to the liberal side of the question."

The Duke was so anxious to be assured that his opinions were truly orthodox, that during the many sessions that long disputed question was agitated, he made a point of consulting several members of the episcopal bench, as to the propriety of the sentiments he cherished, and among others the late Bishop of C——, who was, sometimes, wearied with his questionings, and once remarked, that he had no doubt his Royal Highness was sincere in the sentiments he expressed,

though he sometimes doubted whether he understood them perfectly himself.

NAPOLEON'S PICTURE.

THERE is at Milan a picture by Appiani, of Napoleon in the character of Jupiter, grasping the attributes of that deity in his outstretched hand, surrounded by twelve monarchs, who sat to the artist, that they might transmit their features to posterity with those of the man at whose frown they trembled. After Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, a staunch partisan of the Emperor contrived to scratch, secretly, on the canvass, exactly beneath the portrait of the abdicated monarch, "He was betrayed, not conquered;" a sentence, which, at this period of reviving loyalty, was construed into a symptom of disaffection to restored legitimacy. Even the artist, who was known to have been highly favored by Napoleon, and the members of his family, did not escape suspicion. However, the affair was smoothed over by the following verses, written in the Italian lan-

guage, being privately attached to the picture :—

Conquered he is, but in Italia's land,
He still a harmless Jupiter may stand,
To prove, though artists may a God create,
Created Gods cannot avert their fate.*

A SENATORIAL DEFINITION.

At the time Lord Melville was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, for doing exactly what his predecessors had done, the late Mr. Whitbread was exceedingly uncourteous in his speeches when reflecting on the accused ; so much so, that even his own party disclaimed participating in the opinions he expressed, and hinted to him that he was exceeding the limits of propriety by using such unqualified

* At one time, in England, it was accounted a sign of a revolutionary disposition to possess a likeness of Napoleon. The late Lord Erskine had one, which was presented to him by Buonaparte, at the time he was First Consul of the Republic, and which was, for some time, hung up with the others of his collection. When he became Lord Chancellor this portrait disappeared, and on being asked by a friend what had become of it, his Lordship replied, "It was secured in a lumber room, lest it might, by any chance, become animated and kick down the woollack."

language. "I know him only as a man, not as a Lord," angrily retorted Mr. Whitbread. "Then, my dear Sir," replied his more considerate friend, "you should treat him as a man; all this while you have been lording it over a Lord; man should feel compassion for his fellows."

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

WHEN the late beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, was preparing Chatsworth for the christening of the present Duke, she had a *carte blanche* from her lord to make the arrangement with a splendour suitable to his rank. The Duchess, who was no economist, proceeded to exercise her taste in the most expensive style, and sent for several artists from London, to convert one suite of rooms into a complete panorama, and the work of alteration was proceeding on a most princely scale, when a visit, en passant, from her Grace's mother, Lady Spencer, changed the aspect of affairs. She was proceeding to London, and immediately on her arrival she

called on the Duke to inform him of the immense expence he was incurring in altering Chatsworth in so fantastical a manner. The Duke lost no time in profiting by the hint, and on his arrival he found that her Grace had exceeded his expectations in the magnificence of the preparations she was superintending. Much to the displeasure of her Grace, the panoramic artists were discharged, and when she remonstrated with him, he replied, "If I were thoughtless enough to let this expenditure proceed, a panorama of the estate might in the end be the only property my son would be heir to." The elder Reitnagle was one of the artists thus employed, and was a considerable loser by her Grace's favor.

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS.

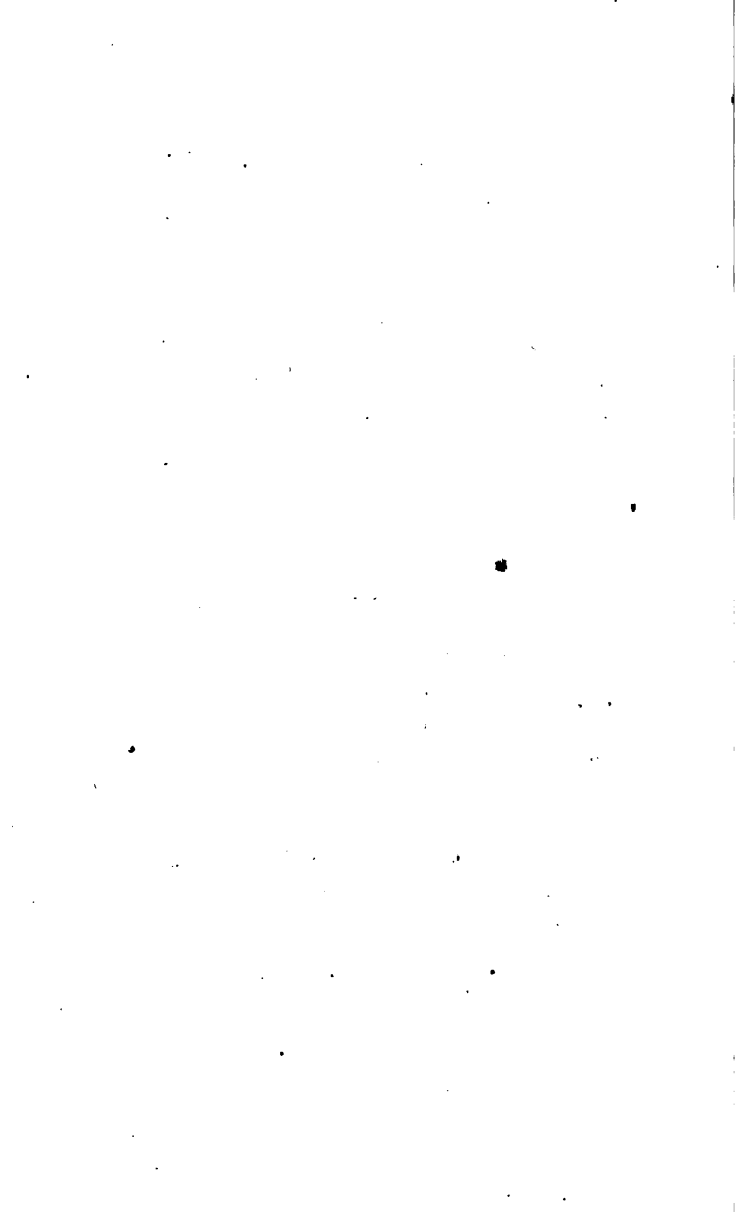
When Colman's Comedy of "Ways and Means" was in rehearsal, Mrs. Webb refused to take the part allotted to her unless a particular passage, which seemed to reflect on her matronly appearance, was omitted. As it was impossible to bring out the play if she

persisted in her refusal, the omission was readily promised, but on the very first representation, Bannister brought out the disputed passage, from the original text, with great humour, and the sentence of "like as two peas, only my lady's rather more of the marrowfat," being so extremely apposite an allusion to Mrs. Webb's size, drew forth thunders of applause: Mrs. Webb was so enraged, that at the conclusion of the scene, she avowed her determination not to go on the stage again in that character, and it was with difficulty that she was prevailed upon to go through her part.

The famous Lady Falmouth, who exchanged the fish-basket for a coronet, was a very tall, as well as a very handsome woman. (It was this lady who was the heroine of the song "Come buy my Milton oysters.") Lady Jane Buller called on her one morning: the Viscountess enquired for the daughters of Lady Jane, and remarked, that she had never visited one of them—wherefore she knew not, unless it was from her being so very

little that she had escaped her notice. "Perhaps," returned Lady Jane mildly, "the reason my youngest daughter and myself not having obtained an equal height with your ladyship, may be the want of a similar proportion of exercise." The parvenue peeress felt the rebuke and said no more.

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ERRATA.

Page 197 for Percival read Perceval.

Page 214 for Coleman read Colman.

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I grant this argument is old ; but truth
No years impair——

Be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing, vengeance : O, be
wise !
Nor make a curse of immortality.

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